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SOME VIEWS  
ON THE  
THRESHOLD OF  
FOURSCORE

BY  
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

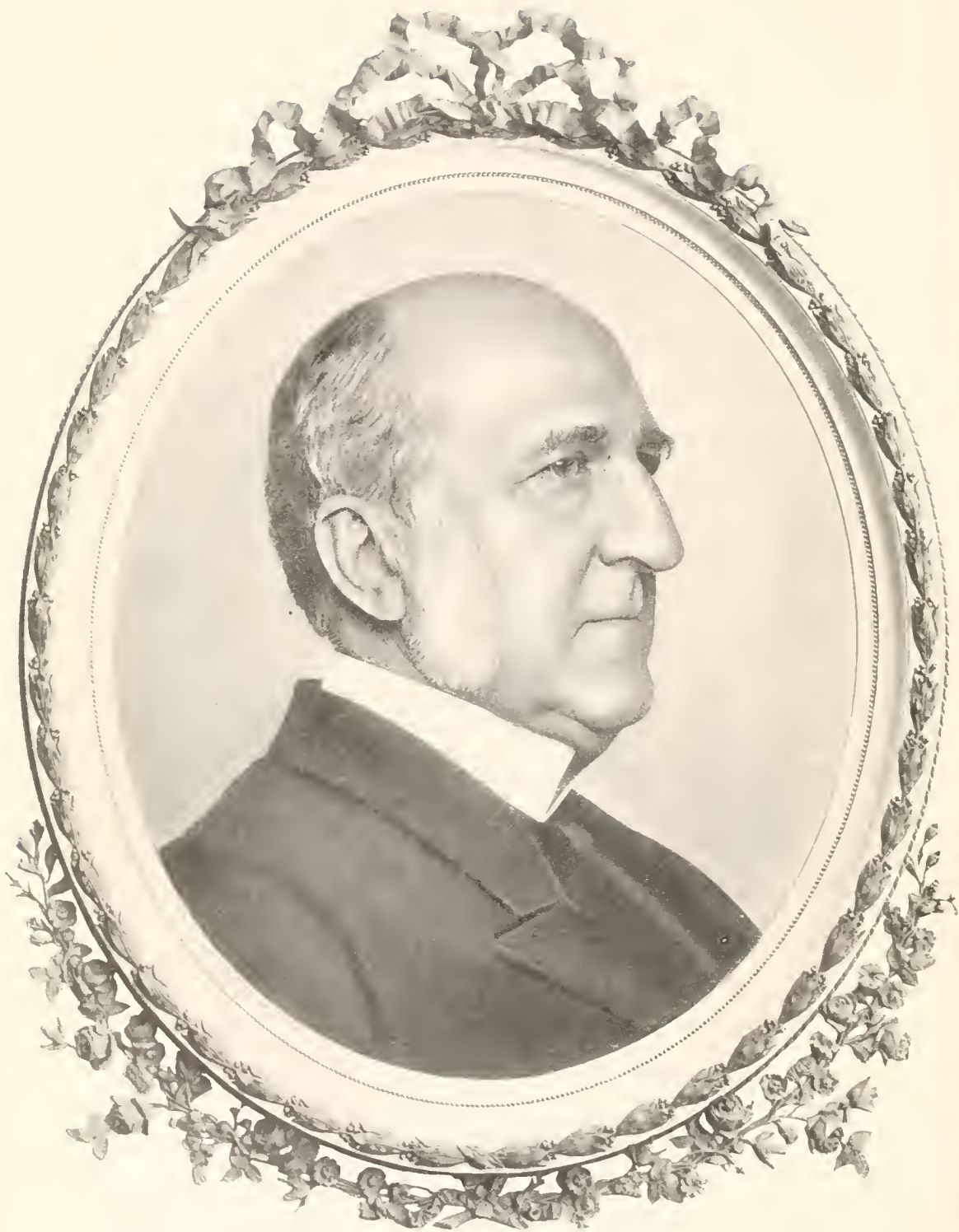


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Chauncey M. Depew.

*Compliments of*

*Chauncey M. Depew.*

SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW  
at the Twenty-second Annual Dinner given by  
the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, in Celebra-  
tion of his Seventy-ninth Birthday, April  
26, 1913.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: With each recurrence of these anniversaries I am more impressed with the permanence of friendship. The proof is here to-night. For twenty-two years the members of this Club in celebrating my birthday added to the pleasure of the first meeting an original compliment. In twenty-two years several generations of club members come and go, but there is always a central phalanx of veterans to keep up principles and traditions of the organization. I have been greeted to-night by fathers who have brought their sons, and by sons who have brought the grandsons of those who welcomed me within these walls twenty-two years ago. The political revolutions which have taken place in the country and in the State, the financial crises which have for a time paralyzed our industries, and the agitations which seemed revolutionary, but disappeared, have neither interrupted nor impaired our numbers or the pleasures of our anniversaries.

Lucian, the famous gossip of antiquity, the predecessor and originator of the immortal Pepys, in one of his stories, says that he called upon a famous centenarian named Gorgias who lived at Corinth seventeen hundred years ago, anxious to put the questions to which every centenarian has been subjected ever since, and probably before, for there is nothing new under the sun. Lucian called upon Gorgias to find out the secrets of his extreme age. He said to him, "You have just had your one hundred and eighth birthday and are enjoying splendid health, vigor, and vitality. Now, to what do you

ascribe it?" Gorgias answered, "To the fact that I never have accepted an invitation to dine out." One of our centenarians a few days ago, answering the same question at one hundred and three, said in his case it was due to the fact that he had eaten a red herring every day. I think the American had the better time. He certainly did not eat that herring alone, and it created a thirst which led to companionship in quenching it.

What a ghastly century was that of Gorgias who had never dined out. The brilliant men of his period, the sculptors who are the despair of our artists, the architects whom we can never equal, the philosophers and poets who have been models of all succeeding generations, the orators, statesmen, and soldiers whom subsequent history has never eclipsed, all were visitors during his long life to beautiful and artistic Corinth, and he might, at the dinners which were invariably given them, have enjoyed the pleasures of their society and left an autobiography of personal reminiscences of incalculable value to posterity.

I have met most of the distinguished men and women of my time in this and other countries, and with scarcely an exception the best I ever knew of them occurred at dinner. An evening with Gladstone was a liberal education. He possessed the most comprehensive mind of his generation and was gifted with the most graphic power of expressing his opinions. A formal interview with him was of little value, but in the confidences and intimacies of a long dinner at a friend's house, Gladstone could be more eloquent, more impressive, and more delightful than in his best efforts in the House of Commons. It was possible on such occasions to study the workings of that marvelous mind and get an insight into the sources of his magnetic power.

To read Browning's poems was one thing, but to hear Browning talk at dinner was much more human, informing, and charming. He said to me that when, at the request of the government, the Duke of Sutherland gave a dinner to the Shah of Persia at the Stafford House, he was one of the guests. In order to impress this semi-savage monarch, everyone was requested to wear all their regalia. The Prince of



Wales and members of the royal family, the dukes, marquises, and earls came in all the medieval splendor of their rank and order, and with all their jewels, real and paste. Mr. Browning said that, having no rank, he came in the crimson gown of an honor man of Cambridge University. Diamonds did not impress the Shah, because the buttons on his coat were real stones as big as horse chestnuts. The ermine and tiaras produced no impression upon him, because he and his suite were arrayed in more barbaric splendor. But his wild eye roving around the table came upon this crimson Cambridge robe at the foot where, as a commoner, the poet sat. The Shah instantly said, "Who is that great man?" "Why, that is Mr. Browning." "What is he?" "He is a poet." "Command him to come here and sit beside me." So a royalty or a prime minister was displaced and the embarrassed poet was put beside the autocrat. The Shah said, "I understand you are a poet, a great poet," which Browning modestly admitted. "Well, then," he said, "I want you to stay here with me, because more than the fact that I am the supreme ruler of Persia, I am a great poet myself." Mr. Browning assured me that the story was true; that the Shah said to the then Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, "This is a magnificent palace." The prince said, "Yes, this is the finest palace in Great Britain." "Well," said the Shah, "let me give you a little piece of advice. When one of my nobility gets rich enough to live in a house like this, I cut off his head and take what he has. It is very simple and saves a great deal of trouble."

But the night will not permit an enumeration. I have learned more State secrets from Cabinet Ministers abroad in the confidences of the dinner table than I could have had in years of residence, and, under similar circumstances, the armor of reserve has dropped from Presidents of the United States, and their troubles, their anxieties, their wishes, their ambitions, their friends and their enemies have been an open book. "Ah! but," says the philosopher who is eternally denouncing the opportunities of wealth, "dinners are all very well for you, but how about the rest of us?" Why, my dear sir, the dullest, most stupid and most borish dinner I ever attended cost one

hundred dollars a plate, while my most delightful evenings have been with a bohemian coterie where a dollar was the limit. The cost of the dinner, the rarity of its wines, and the brand of its cigars are of no account unless about the table are men and women of mind, of individuality, of versatility, of something to give which is worth receiving, and a willingness to listen to the message which you think is worth delivering.

Senator Hoar, who in his long, brilliant, and most distinguished career had met everybody worth knowing, told me that no gathering, however small or however large, equaled in wit and wisdom, in flashes of genius, in things always to be remembered and never to be forgotten, the weekly luncheons at Parker's in Boston, where Longfellow, Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Theodore Parker and others, and Judge Hoar, the brightest of them all, met for a weekday luncheon.

Judge Robertson, of Westchester, and I were invited by Secretary of State Seward to dine with him in Washington on our way to the Republican National Convention which renominated President Lincoln. That dinner changed the Vice President from Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, to Andrew Johnson, of Tennessee, and made a different chapter in American history.

The newspapers which tell us everything say that the present tariff and income tax bills were perfected at a dinner at the White House. This brings us in immediate and acute contact with the most interesting of current events.

In my fifty-seven years in public and semi-public life I have participated in many political revolutions, and in none of them have these changes especially of the tariff been received with so little excitement and scarcely a suggestion of passion. There are no editorials or flaming speeches predicting direful disasters, or indignation meetings resolving that we are on the brink of financial and industrial ruin. These tariff propositions going as they do to the very foundation of our financial and industrial system, and the manner in which they are received, are high indications of that much abused word "Progress." We have become a deliberative and contemplative people. Without inherited prejudices or partisan bias, we can

calmly weigh measures and policies and arrive at individual conclusions as to results when they crystallize into law. We all recognize that at some time these theories must be tried. We have all recognized that at some time the theorists must have devolved upon them the responsibilities of government. There has been no period since the Civil War when experiments could be tried with less danger than now. The country never was so prosperous, employment was never so general, wages were never so high, the farmer was never so rich or receiving such returns for the product of his field and his live stock, the output of the manufactories was never so great, the expansion of our credit and the amount of our exchanges were never so large, and our imports and exports never reached such a volume. The fly in the amber, or, to put it more seriously, our irritation and discontent under these otherwise happy conditions is the high cost of living. The laws which our new Rulers are putting in force will affect equally all the people; therefore, it is the duty of all of us to wish them God speed and good luck. It is the hope of all of us that the realization of their dreams, which some of us have feared, will be in the line of their most sanguine hopes. Their problem is a difficult one. In simple form, it is how to reduce the cost of living without impairing opportunities of earning a living. In that is the whole crux of the situation.

It has been our habit to touch lightly and if possible informingly upon the things that have happened since our last gathering. The Constitution of the United States has not been amended in over one hundred years. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, which were passed after the Civil War, were really not amendments, but simply declarations of principles which were in the Declaration of Independence and in the spirit of the original instrument.

But after over one hundred years of satisfaction with the Constitution, within this year two amendments have been added, one an income tax, the other for the election of United States Senators by the people. I am not going to discuss these measures. They are here to stay. But when the history of their passage comes to be written, it will be disclosed that there are some curious phases of human nature.

When the amendment to the Constitution of the United States for an income tax came before our New York Legislature, it was defeated by a message from Governor Hughes. That message did not oppose an income tax, but clearly stated that the needs of our commonwealth were growing so rapidly and the sources of State taxation were so limited that the income tax should be left to the States, and the general government, with its infinite possibilities, could raise revenue from other sources. When the income tax amendment was under discussion in the Senate, I had a heart-to-heart talk with a group of Senators from the Western States who were urging its adoption. I said to them, "Our revenues at present are furnishing a surplus. We never will need to resort to this method of taxation except in a great emergency. Then why do you want it now?" Their answer was, "Because with an income tax we can collect one-half of the expenses of the government from your State of New York, and the other half from New England, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Illinois." The exemption of four thousand dollars a year in the present bill shows that these gentlemen control this legislation, because very few in their States have an income of that size. It is an interesting question in legislation of this kind, since in no country in the world where they have an income tax is the exemption equal to one thousand dollars, whether in order to have the whole people alert, inquisitive, and critical upon the expenses of government and in checking extravagance, the largest possible number should not have their attention called to those expenditures by contributing something toward the support of the government.

When the income tax amendment was before our New York Legislature, I said to a man who as much as any other controlled that body, "Did you think Governor Hughes was right?" He said, "Yes." I then told him what these Western Senators had said to me. He said, "That I believe, too." I said, "Then why are you urging the adoption of this amendment by our State?" His answer was, "Because Bryan wants it."

When the amendment for the election of the United State Senators by the people was so framed that the United

States Government had the power to see that all the people voted and that none was disfranchised, I said to the Senators from the States where the negro is disfranchised, "Do you see danger of a force bill if this amendment is adopted? Don't you think that as crises arise, and they will arise, where a majority of the States feel that certain measures in which they are interested could be passed if all the people, including the negroes, in your States voted, they will pass laws under which the government will see that they do vote, at least for United States Senators?" They said, "Yes, we see all those dangers." I said, "Then why are you voting for it?" Their answer was, "Because Bryan wants it."

This brings us to a horizontal view of one of the paradoxes of our American life. We are rushing with unprecedented rapidity for us, for we are a conservative people, toward the breaking down of the safeguards which are in the Constitution against hasty and inconsiderate action by the people. We are proceeding upon the theory that leadership no longer does or ought to exist, that all matters should originate with and be decided upon by the people as a mass on the passion or emotion of the moment and without the intervention of representative bodies or interpretations by the courts, and yet there never was a time when leadership counted for so much as it does to-day. There never was a time when leaders asserted themselves with such confidence and autocratic authority. More than four millions of Republicans followed Colonel Roosevelt in the last campaign not because they wanted to break up the Republican party, not because they adopted all the doctrines of his platform or of his speeches, but because they believed in Roosevelt and wanted for President of the United States a strong, militant, aggressive, and audacious leader. The National Convention of the Democratic party at Baltimore was swayed by Mr. Bryan. It was recognized that the great mass of his party recognized him as a supreme leader whom they were willing to follow wherever he chose to go. For the first time in one hundred and twenty-three years the President of the United States leaves the Executive Mansion and appears at the Capitol to impress upon

the Legislative Branch of the Government his views upon pending legislation. These are not symptoms, but facts. With all the shouting and the trumpeting for a pure democracy, the exactions of our busy, hurried, rapid, nervous life call for a leader in every department more than at any other period in our history.

The same is true in the industrial disorders which are now so acute. In their more revolutionary phases they are governed by a leader with very few assistants, whose power is unlimited, whose authority is unquestioned.

Another curious phase of this trend to pure democracy is that its leaders are opposed to majorities. Ten per cent of the voters initiate a number of radical measures. They are submitted to a referendum at the next election, and a plurality of the votes cast make them laws or insert them in the Constitution. In the history of these referendums the vote has averaged about twenty per cent of the total vote at any election. The measures have been adopted by the petitioners who constitute one-half, and many times more than one-half of those voting carrying the day because the majority of the electorate have not cast their ballots. When it is proposed that no law by referendum shall become a law and no amendment shall be attached to the Constitution unless it receives a majority of all the votes cast at the election when it is submitted, without exception the reformer cries "No," reforms must be carried not by the unintelligent mass, but by the few who understand the needs of the people.

I believe in trade unions and trade organizations. In the railway world, I have been their best friend, but there is a new movement now progressing all over the world and forging to the front with us with lurid exhibitions of its power. As a student all my life of every idea which has captured any considerable number of people, whether upon religious, or social, or industrial, or economic questions, I bought the book which gives the most authoritative and vigorous exhibition of Syndicalism by one of its ablest and most eloquent writers. It is very interesting, though not yet very alarming, except in its fierce and bloody riots to compel other unions to join. He says, "We have in the United States to-day nearly five hun-

dred thousand organized fighting soldiers. In the whole world we have seven millions. We are comrades with a common purpose. The cry of our army is 'No Quarter.' We want all you possess. We will be content with nothing less than all you possess. Here are our hands. They are strong hands. The able-bodied workers would not have to labor more than two or three hours every day to feed everybody, clothe everybody, house everybody and give fair measure of little luxuries to everybody." Then he goes on to say, "When all these things are accomplished, then all the world will be impelled to action—scientists formulating law, inventors employing law, artists and sculptors painting canvases and shaping clay, poets and statesmen serving humanity by singing and by statecraft. Our intention is to destroy present-day society as a fact, and also to take possession of the world with all its wealth and machinery and government."

Here are a few of the bunkers over which this army must successfully propel its bomb: There are about eight millions of people, men and women, in this country who own their own homes and will fight to retain them. There are over four millions who own their own farms, other millions who get their living from farms and none are so tenacious of their rights as the farmers. There are about eleven millions who are engaged in various industries in a way that interests them to a point where they will not tamely surrender their rights in raising stock, or as florists, or horticulturists, or nurserymen. There are the millions of small shopkeepers everywhere whose living and the future for their families are in the goods in their stores. Our eyes are so blinded by the increase in the capitalization of great corporations like the steel or tobacco or sugar that we lose sight of the fact that there never were so many small manufacturers with limited capital, employing few men, among whom the proprietors are the hardest workers, scattered all over the United States. The foundations of our society are deep in the selfish interests, in the ambitions, in the hopes and in the affections for their offspring of ninety-nine per cent of our people. Beside all that is the national conscience with an irradicable sense of right and wrong, based upon respect for the property and lives and liberties of others,

for which every church, every common school, every agency of education and instruction, every fraternal lodge, is a recruiting station.

Now the crux of that idea is that when this millennium has been brought around nobody will have to work over two hours in twenty-four. During the rest of the day everybody will be happy because industrially occupying their time in creating, or making, or producing things which are useful and helpful to their fellows. A distinguished philosopher has said that the mainsprings of action are ambition, necessity and greed. It may be growing out of what happened in the Garden of Eden that effort requires a spur. Everyone of us know that in our own experience. There is no one at this table here to-night who would be what he is unless there had been a motive to accomplish something for himself. There is no truth more self-evident than that this selfishness has in it also the elements of patriotism. The man who forges ahead and in his advance creates continually larger opportunities for others to get on is selfishly a climber and unselfishly a philanthropist. The curse of the youth of our country is idleness. Our hooligans, our gang men, our gun men, our young criminals are all the products of idleness. The ambition of the boy at school is aroused first by competition with his fellows. As he advances to the high school or the college it is for the honors which can be achieved. I look back over sixty years of continuous effort and when I try to differentiate the causes of my health and happiness I come back always to work. I never yet knew an idle man who was a happy one. I mean an idle man who was such from choice. Every man I ever knew who was doing the best he could in the line of his talent and equipment and who became fond of his work, and who outside of his regular occupation had some fad which interested him, and who could on occasion play as hard as he worked, was healthy and happy himself and radiated happiness and inspiration to everyone about him.

We are all workingmen, but I have known thousands of what are known as laboring men; that is, those who earn a living by the work of their hands, who in their little gardens found repose and recreation, who in their church, or in



their lodges, or in their social work, discovered never-ending sources of education in broad-mindedness, in higher ideals of citizenship and material spiritual and intellectual advancement.

It is an old charge that Republics are ungrateful. Perhaps that is a mistake and they are only forgetful. I recall on this question three of my late colleagues in the Senate who were among its most distinguished and useful members and are now in private life.

When the case for the expulsion of Senator Lorimer of Illinois was tried before the Committee on Privileges and Elections, a large majority of the Committee, though they knew that the newspapers generally demanded Mr. Lorimer's expulsion, and such was the sentiment of a majority of the people, yet acting as judges they could not find in the testimony sufficient warrant for a verdict against him.

Senator Beveridge, one of the most brilliant Senators of his term in the Senate, made a minority report and led the fight against Lorimer. He had often before proved himself to be an accomplished and brilliant debater, but he never was so able, resourceful and eloquent as in this battle. It was on the eve of his fight for a re-election to the Senate, and he and his friends felt that his reward was certain. He made one of the most thorough and able canvasses of Indiana that any candidate ever did, and yet he was beaten.

One of the most useful and able Senators in my time was Norris Brown of Nebraska. Mr. Brown believed that nine-tenths of the people of his State were in favor of a constitutional amendment for an income tax. He introduced the amendment and gave his time, energy and remarkable diplomacy to secure its passage. I am quite certain from my own familiarity with the course of that legislation that except for Mr. Brown's advocacy and support, the amendment would not have passed the Senate. When he came before his people for the approval of his course, he was beaten.

My captivating friend, Jonathan Bourne of Oregon, was the author of most of the so-called reforms which have substituted the initiative, the referendum and the recall in Oregon for representative government and made the Governor and the

Legislature rubber stamps. In season and out of season, in the Senate and on the platform, and in the press, he portrayed the merits of this return to a pure democracy and this recovery by the people from an obsolete system of their full rights. It is said that the placing of one of his greatest speeches on this question in the hands of every voter in the newly admitted State of Arizona led to the adoption of the most radical Constitution ever known. We all thought that whatever might happen to the rest of us, the call for re-election of Jonathan Bourne was to come with a unanimity never known before by a grateful people. Yet he was beaten.

It is an interesting study in politics whether people are ungrateful, which I do not believe, or forgetful, which may happen, or whether their Tribune is not sometimes mistaken in thinking that he knows just what they want.

It has been the fashion in all ages for elderly people to lament the good old times and long for their recall. I do not share in any way in this desire. Solomon repudiated it, but then Solomon had more things than all his predecessors put together, including the family, and notwithstanding his hundreds of wives and thousands of concubines seems to have been very happy in his domestic relations. George Washington, on the other hand, thought that the times as they were in the few years preceding his death far worse than in earlier days and that they gave little hope for the future. As I look back over fifty-seven years of intense activity in many departments of life, of a full share of both successes and failures, of hard knocks and compensating triumphs, of sorrows and joys, I come to the conclusion that while one year may be very bad, very miserable and very hopeless, yet take time by decades every ten years as a whole is infinitely better than all the preceding ones.

Still, there are some things which seem to be permanently lost, and are to be greatly regretted, for the enjoyment of life. One of them is conversation. The most charming volumes in history are made up of the conversation of agreeable talkers, but it is a general complaint that now conversation is a lost art. Some say it is because bridge whist has so shortened the dinner as to make it a feed instead of a function, and the

craze for gambling in bridge whist has destroyed the freedom from care and elasticity of mind which are necessary for the interchange of thought, of humor, of anecdote, of argument and of raillerie. We ought to be grateful, therefore, to anyone who can help in the restoration of that most charming, I almost say indispensable medium for the enjoyment of friends and acquaintances—conversation.

President Wilson is happily contributing to this end. He is advocating in a series of brilliantly written magazine articles what he calls "The New Freedom." There is intense curiosity to know what the New Freedom means. This century and a quarter of unexampled and unparalleled growth and prosperity under our Constitution and laws has given us the freedom so gloriously expressed in the Declaration of Independence. The Declaration of Independence was a philosophic statement of liberty, but the Constitution of the United States crystallized it into law. Jefferson's idea of liberty was that governments are based upon the individual, and that he must have the largest freedom with the fewest possible restrictions and the least possible legislation.

President Wilson now has an opportunity of which he must avail himself of putting into law his "New Freedom." We are told by the press, always so argus-eyed and so truthful, that at a conference at the White House a few days since the President agreed with the Chairmen of the Committees of the Senate and House of Representatives which have charge of appropriation bills that the one now passing should have on it a rider exempting labor unions and farmers' associations from the restrictions and penalties of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. They get a liberty which no one else enjoys and become a privileged class. Now this is practical. It is a New Freedom. The first restraint ever put since the adoption of our Constitution in 1787 upon the activities of the individual when acting in great combinations was by the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Under prosecutions commenced by Cleveland, and continued by McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft, these combinations have been relentlessly pursued because violating the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Some of them have been put out of business and many of them have been dissolved. Decisions

have been rendered in these cases which bring every great combination within the restrictions of this law. Now a New Freedom is to be given by legislation to labor unions to do as they please and farmers to form associations and combinations for the marketing of their products. There is no suggestion that those who are engaged in iron or steel or tobacco or oil, in hats, shoes or clothing, or printing or anything else shall be relieved from the beneficent restrictions of the Sherman Acts in which I think most of us heartily believe. But labor unions and farmers can club together, and by the processes which are so successful in protection Germany, and called cartels in free trade England and called combinations in protection America, and called trusts, can have the one in doing what it likes and the other in raising the price of bread and meat all the advantages of the freedom which everybody had before the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. Now this practical demonstration of the new freedom has led to more conversation everywhere than anything which has occurred for many years. It is an enlightening, illuminating and instructing conversation. It raises that one topic of intense interest at all times where everybody is affected "Who will next receive the New Freedom?"

Vice-President Marshall is a charming gentleman and a delightful speaker. I have heard him on many subjects, upon which he talks so well, and none better than upon brotherhood in Masonry, he and I being both brethren of the Thirty-third Degree. Two weeks ago to-night he attended the Jeffersonian banquet in New York. He there delivered an address which was as novel as it was original. He claimed that the inheritance of property from one's parents is not a natural or a constitutional right, but purely a privilege granted by statute, and so to prevent accumulations of property all that the Legislatures has to do is to repeal the laws of inheritance, and then whatever a person acquires will go not to his natural heirs, but to the State. Of course, if such a law was passed there would be no accumulations afterwards, because the main incentive for saving money is to take care of those who are dependent upon us—in other words, our wives and children. There would be people so masterful and with such genius in that line that they could not help making

money. If they were not to have the pride and joy and comfort of its enjoyment in the benefits it would give after their death, they would squander it. The first line in which a man begins to squander money is self-indulgence; drunkenness would become the attendant of prosperity, and the Prohibition States, which are now doing fairly well in restricting the consumption of liquor, would discover that their laws were universally nullified. The new view of life would be "let us eat, drink and be merry for to-morrow we die."

This speech was delivered on Saturday night two weeks ago and published in the Sunday morning papers. It made conversation all over the United States. When I came out of church and met the people of all the other churches, I was stopped dozens of times, not to talk about the sermons which had been heard, but to discuss the speech of Vice-President Marshall. I lunched with some friends and dined with others that day, and both functions were prolonged far beyond the usual time by an animated discussion of Brother Marshall's deliverance. If Eugene Debs had said this, it would have passed unnoticed, because expected. It is the unexpected which inspires conversation. So from the new Vice-President of the United States it became a matter of interesting talk in every gathering, private or public.

Well, these things have helped in bringing into activity again the almost lost art of conversation. Still, these subjects are not so fine as those which prevailed in the good old times. We used to long for a new novel by Dickens or Thackeray, and talk over the old ones until the new ones came, and then the new ones until others were published, until David Copperfield, Micawber, Captain Cuttle, Jack Bunsby, Dora, Becky Sharp, and Colonel Newcome were intimate members of our families. They inspired and radiated the home. We eagerly discussed Hawthorne's latest novels, and what Whittier, Lowell, Emerson and Doctor Parker, Doctor Storrs or Henry Ward Beecher had contributed to the wisdom and enjoyment of the world. John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer had their audiences and their admirers, and the Shakespeare and Browning societies found opportunities in every hamlet in the

country. I am at a loss to know why there are no writers of equivalent reputation and equivalent consideration contributing now to the cordiality and camaraderie of us all. Why we carry the shop everywhere, and talk of either what we want or what we have or what the other fellow possesses and how he got it. It is very depressing.

But, my friends, I do not despair. On my doctrine of decades I isolate this ten years. I avoid calamity howlers. I expel from my reading desk and my mind the preachers of disorder or destruction or despair. I place my trust, my hope, my optimism in that fine, discriminating, cordial, loving association of the people with each other and of their trust in and courage for the rights and the liberties of all.

**ADDRESS OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the Celebration at the Lexington Avenue  
Opera House of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the  
Entrance upon the Ministry of the Reverend  
Henry A. Brann, D.D., Rector of St. Agnes'  
Church, May 29, 1912.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I participated the other evening in the celebration of the fiftieth birthday of a valued friend. In his personality and in his achievements he eminently deserved the tribute which was paid him. Of his half century, one-half, or twenty-five years, had been passed in youth and preparation, so that his real work was only the half of a half century. But the jubilee, or the fifty years from the commencement of a career, is quite another affair. The fiftieth birthday is frequent, but the rounding out of a half century in one's career, with energies unimpaired and every prospect of future usefulness, is an event.

It is a wonderful privilege to have been an active worker in any department of human endeavor during this half century. Every year of it has been an incentive to renewed effort, and its consummation full of inspiration and pride. We may look over all available records of the past, and, except the birth of Christ, there is no period in which so much has been accomplished for human happiness, for liberty, for prosperity, for the advancement of the individual and the betterment of the world. We are here to congratulate our friend that his activities have been abreast with these achievements and that in his sphere he has been a factor in the best of these results.

I had a conversation with Mr. Gladstone at the zenith of his power. He was reminiscent and, as usual, delightful. He said, "If I had to select from all the half centuries of recorded time the one in which I would have preferred to live and work, I would have chosen the one in which I have lived and worked, because it has been pre-eminently an era of

emancipation." While he did not enlarge upon this, I knew that he referred to religious emancipation in Great Britain, to the abolition of slavery in the Western Hemisphere and the advance of liberal ideas on the Continent. But if he could have lived another quarter of a century and have had 1912 as the end of his fifty years, how much more extraordinary would have been the achievements of the period, for since his time the advance of the world has been unparalleled. The arts, the inventions, the scientific discoveries, the development of resources unknown before, the new uses of electricity and of steam have increased beyond calculation the power of man and the wealth of nations. Emancipation has been more rapid than during the fifty years Mr. Gladstone described. There is no real autocracy left in the world. Many kingdoms have become republics, and kings, where they still seem to have a prominent place, are there because monarchy is held to be the keynote of their institutions, but the power of the monarchy is reduced to registering the will of the people. The extraordinary emancipation of the period since Mr. Gladstone died is the freeing of the mighty forces of nature which have been pent up in the air and in the waters and in the earth from time immemorial. The titanic explosions, which were cyclones and earthquakes and tidal waves, devastating the earth, have been worshiped by savage, barbarian and even civilized peoples in all ages as powers of evils to be placated. The fearless and audacious spirit of scientific investigation has penetrated the secrets of nature, has entered the treasure house in which were kept the forces of the air, of the water and the earth. Most of them now are made the servants and not the masters of man.

Among the latest and most beneficent of the forces wrested from nature is wireless telegraphy. It has been the tragedy of the ocean that great ships have been lost and their fate a mystery never solved. But for the wireless, we would never have known the fate of the *Titanic*, not any of her passengers ever have been saved. The wireless rescued part; if man had done his duty, as he ought, would probably have saved all.

But the wireless taught us another lesson. It has been the claim of the romancers and the idealists that the Christian



teaching of peace and good will among men has made impossible a recreation in any form of the age of chivalry. Real heroism, they say, can only be displayed, its best qualities nourished and preserved upon the battlefield or in combats where armed men risk life and fortune for the cause in which they believe. But the wireless account of what occurred on the *Titanic* shows that in this Christian age there is a heroism purer, higher, greater than that developed in the mad passions which are aroused by the fury of the conflict, the sight of blood and the roar of battle. Mr. and Mrs. Straus refused to be separated. Colonel Astor and Major Butt, knowing that their fate was sealed, doing their best to rescue the women and the children, and, above all, the band, allaying the panic and arousing hope of eternal life, by playing, until submerged by the waves, "Nearer, My God To Thee!" My friends, there is no picture of the brave going to their death which equalled that which came to us on waves through the air.

We have had twenty-seven Presidents of the United States, and Doctor Brann has been carrying on his work under the administration of twelve, or nearly half of them. He had on his desk in his rectory the morning after it was delivered that gem of American oratory—President Lincoln's speech at Gettysburg. His prayers ascended, as is always the case at a new administration, for the watchful care of the Almighty over the life and the official acts of President Grant. His petitions were among the most fervent of those offered all over the land for the preservation of the life, after the attempt to assassinate him, of General Garfield. He has preserved the even tenor of his way, pursued without interruption his duties to his Church and as a citizen during the strenuous times of President Roosevelt. Even with the sound of battle coming to us to-day from all over the country, because of this most original and titanic force in our public life that there has been in these fifty years, the Doctor still has unabated faith that whatever happens is for his own wise purposes under the motto of "God doeth all things well."

Distinguished as have been the surroundings in the many fields of our friend, he has been most happy in having his career at this particular period in his own Church. The Amer-

ican College of Rome has been for fifty years sending out graduates to their appointed work, and it is his privilege to stand at the head of that devoted body of men as first and oldest alumnus.

For many, many years of the Doctor's ministry he had for his superior Leo XIII, who in addition to his ecclesiastical virtues and accomplishments was a great statesman and an accomplished diplomat. I had the honor of a long interview with him. He was a very old man and seemed physically exceedingly frail. I treasure his compliment to me when he said, "You are the President of a great railroad company employing over thirty thousand men. The majority of them are of my Church and not of yours, and I am glad to greet you and thank you that in your administration you make no distinction whatever between those of your faith and those of mine." He has been called the workingman's Pope. His conversation ran upon that subject, upon the desire of his life to bring about better relations between capital and labor. Then suddenly, as if the old fire which had made him a marvellous preacher in his prime was flaming with original luster, he grasped the arms of his chair, blood came to his pallid face, his eyes flashed, his voice was musical, while he said, and this was prophetic, for there was very little of this at that time in the world, "The greatest menace to the welfare of the working man and to the stability of the Church is Socialism. Socialism is the denial of all authority, divine and human. Without authority and without law there can be neither order nor protection of life or property, nor the continuance of Christian civilization."

But I count, as I think our friend must, as one of the greatest blessings of his life that his early career in the ministry was under Archbishop Hughes. Archbishop Hughes broke the traditions which surrounded his sacred office and virtually entered the diplomatic service of the government in the time of its greatest need. The question of the success of the Union was largely dependent upon preventing interference by the great powers of Europe. It was known that these great powers at that time, controlled as they were by monarchical and aristocratic forces, were in favor of the Con-

federacy because they thought that in the breaking up of the Union there would be a check upon the spirit of republican and democratic ideas. The Archbishop visited France and other continental countries, and by his diplomatic ability was a great factor in holding back France and other nations from coming to the aid of the Southern Confederacy.

I think among the best recollections of Doctor Brann must be that he returned on the same ship with the Archbishop. Certainly the discourse of the Archbishop upon his mission or its results upon the necessity of saving the Union and preserving the perpetuity of the Republic of the United States was the opening for the young priest of a university of practical patriotism and good citizenship which began when the ship started and he was graduated when he landed in New York. We all know that during the whole of his life since the Civil War, the good Doctor has been foremost, as far as his office would permit, in every effort leading to good government.

The most frequent of discussions is "What is success?" We all understand what is meant by it for the lawyer or the doctor, for the banker or the merchant, for the artist or the youth struggling in any way for promotion. Seldom, however, is it discussed in relation to the ministry. A successful minister must have qualities which would enable him to advance in law, or in medicine, or in business, or in teaching. No one could build four churches, as the Doctor has done, free them from debt and start them successfully upon their career unless he was a good business man, nor avoid entanglements with contractors and with the owners of the brick and the lumber and the stone and the lime unless he was a good lawyer. No one who has enjoyed the privilege can go through the schools which are maintained by our friend without recognizing his eminence as an organizer and an educator. It is the glory of the ministry that while it is one of sacrifice because the qualities which would make for material success in life or for fame in public life are concentrated solely upon parish work, nevertheless there are compensations which are granted to no other calling.

In a remarkable letter found in the life of Cardinal New-

man, he describes his visit to St. Peter's at Rome. He says, "People are going and coming, talking with this, that and the other; in the meantime people are praying silently, others are kneeling before an altar taking part in a service—all this which is the world of worship and activity and conversation is going on within the walls of the Christian Church; and," he said, "it is splendid, for here is the world granted a place in religion."

In that description is, I think, a revelation of the secret of the success in his work of our friend, Doctor Brann. He has always recognized, and with rare diplomacy and skill has carried out in his mission the idea that the world has a place in religion.

My friends, let us briefly sum up these fifty years. There pass in review the thousands of girls and boys who have been rescued from the slums and made good citizens, good fathers, good wives, good mothers. There are thousands who have entered the sacred bond of matrimony and under the teachings of their pastor have proved that marriage is not a failure, but the greatest blessing upon earth. There are thousands who have been comforted in passing from this world to the next and have felt because of the consolation he administered they were to be received with hope and joy in the great beyond. To-night this procession of the living and the spirits of those who are gone, whether present within this hall or far away over the earth or in the realms above, join in one anthem of praise and thanksgiving for the past and of prayer and hope for the future of our good friend.

**SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the Fourth of July Celebration of the American Society of London, England, July 4, 1912.

MR. CHAIRMAN, MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN: It has devolved upon me to propose the sentiment of "The Day We Celebrate." I am very grateful to my lifelong friend, His Excellency the American Ambassador, for his tribute to my venerable years, and I look upon him as a very promising young man. (Laughter.) When he boasts of having, at his first ballot, voted for Abraham Lincoln, I can say I voted four years before for John C. Fremont, the first presidential candidate of our party. I got in the habit in that campaign of 1856 of appearing upon the platform on different occasions, and I have been unable to get over it for fifty-six years. Yet, when our Ambassador alluded so charmingly to the long linger which I have had on the stage, I was afraid that you and my friends at home might liken me to the boy who wrote a letter of twenty pages home from boarding school to his mother and closed with the P. S., "Dear Mother, please excuse my longevity." (Laughter.)

It has been my pleasure to attend Independence Day celebrations in London during the reigns of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII and now to-night. On each of these occasions I could bring the hearty goodwill and respect of the American people for the late Queen, a tribute of good fellowship and camaraderie, continued since his boyhood visit, to the late King and an appreciation of his statesmanship and especially of his uniform and universal friendship for America and Americans. I can say now that these sentiments for the great Queen and the genial and popular King are continued with hopeful prophecy to their successor, King George. (Applause.)

The Ambassador suggested that I report about the recent convention which renominated President Taft. I attended as a delegate the National Republican Presidential Convention at Chicago, leaving it with only time enough to catch the steamer

which brought me here. The daily papers, as never before, were filled with the reports of the proceedings of that convention and, on my sailing day, with predictions of the Democratic gathering at Baltimore. The space left, however, was largely devoted to an almost hysterical advocacy of what is called a "sane and safe," or "safe and soundless," Fourth of July. To one who commenced celebrating these anniversaries seventy-five years ago, this seems to be a tribute to the æstheticism, the dilettantism and the tenderfootism of a degenerate age. Fourth of July without noise is like an electrical display without light, or a lion with organs paralyzed when the time comes for a triumphant roar, or a rooster without a crow. All the American boys of my period, and down until the time when the speaking stage was removed from the academy and the school-room, declaimed that famous speech from Daniel Webster in which he put into the mouth of old John Adams a prophecy and an injunction for the celebration of the Fourth of July. I cannot recall the exact words, but it was about this: that Fourth of July should be celebrated forever with military and civic processions; that its dawn should be greeted with the booming of artillery and the ringing of the church bells; its day with meetings and orations and its night with fire-works and illuminations.

A famous President of the United States, who in early life had an almost hopeless struggle, said to me one day: "Was there ever a period in your career when you would have compromised with the Lord for a moderate certainty and given up all the rest? Because that occurred to me in my struggles, when, if God had only been willing to make the bargain and given me an academy with an endowment that would assure me three thousand dollars a year, I would have surrendered all the rest."

I wonder if any of you have tried to think of the first real overwhelming thrill you ever had in your life. I suppose most of us would connect it with the first application of the parental slipper, or later, in adolescence, with the first kiss. (Laughter.) What an American boy, properly brought up, would associate it with is his first independent, self-reliant Fourth of July. Having sat up all night in preparation as the

proud possessor of a three-pound cannon, I planted it on the hill by the old homestead, and when the bell from the belfry of the old Presbyterian Church and the cannon from Drum Hill announced the dawn of the Fourth of July, I touched off my artillery. Blistered hands, powdered cheeks, which lasted for months, eyebrows singed, and general demoralization caused by the kick of the artillery, simply placed me for a moment as a little boy among the soldiers who marched with Washington and camped at Valley Forge. (Applause.)

Perhaps it may not be inappropriate, as future Fourth's of July are dependent in a large measure upon the result, to give, as Mr. Reid suggests, a brief report of the great convention.

In the Republican party there have been fifteen of these conventions, and I have attended ten, my first being in 1864 for the second nomination of Abraham Lincoln. In all those gatherings the crowds in the galleries, of men and women from all parts of the country, outnumbered by ten to one the delegates on the floor. They were instinct with enthusiasm, and the magnetism of their ardor affected their representatives upon whom devolved the responsibility of nominating a candidate for President.

The cheers, lasting sometimes for half an hour and sometimes for an hour, for Lincoln in the convention in '64, for Grant in the convention in '68, for Blaine and Sherman and Harrison and Garfield in '80, '84, '88 and '92, for McKinley in 1896 and again in 1900, for Roosevelt in 1904, and Roosevelt and Taft in 1908, were the inspirations of a lifetime.

When I made the speech nominating Harrison for a second term in the Minneapolis Convention in 1892, I inadvertently mentioned his opponent Blaine, and fourteen thousand people in the galleries rose and cheered, with waving handkerchiefs, flags and hats, for forty-five minutes, and when I mentioned President Harrison, for an hour, so that the thirty minutes' address required in its delivery nearly three hours! (Laughter.)

Now the contrast. During all the scenes, and there were many exciting ones, among the delegates in our convention two weeks ago at Chicago, the mention of the historic names

of the party and of the country, like Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, McKinley, elicited no response whatever from the gallery, nor did the names of the candidates arouse enthusiasm. This great crowd was not angry nor sullen, it was indifferent.

At Baltimore the proceedings were prolonged more days than they have been for sixty years in the Democratic party, and a tremendous effort, receiving great support, was made to prevent the votes of the large states in which great business is concentrated and to expel from the convention delegates who represented great business.

What does all this mean on Independence Day? Talking to a distinguished writer within the last few days, he said: "Its parallel is to be found in the calm and mutterings of the storm which preceded the French revolution." But he was entirely wrong. There is not the slightest indication in the United States of a revolution. Never in our history were we farther removed from what might be called the spirit of the French revolution. The rights of the people, collectively and individually, were never so secure. The power of the people, both in the municipalities, in the states, and in the general government, was never so supreme. Prosperity was never so universal; business never so good, never so promising, and opportunity never so hopeful. Labor and capital, each more powerful than ever, are more harmonious than ever. The railway strike which was threatened a month ago, when, if it had eventuated war, for it would have been war, would have stopped the turning of every wheel on every railroad between Chicago and the remotest boundaries of Maine; it would have paralyzed every industry in the Middle and the Atlantic and the Eastern States and brought the great cities, as well as the smaller ones, to starvation. But after free discussion by the representatives of labor and capital, it was settled by submission to peaceful arbitration. (Applause.)

Then, what is the matter? What is the reason for the lack of enthusiasm for the great names of the party or the statesmanship, or the policies of the past and present? Ninety-nine per cent. of the American people are earning their living and adding to their competence or their fortunes by their personal exertions, and the other one per cent. are not neglectful



of civic or industrial duties. We are preeminently a business people. There are opportunities for the profitable investment in new enterprises giving employment to labor and capital of over one hundred millions of dollars, and there is a hundred millions of dollars eager to enter and exploit these fields. But business, which ought to be represented hopefully in politics, has become alarmed about politicians. American enterprise has no fear of its own ability. It is willing to take every risk dependent upon its judgment, but it wishes to know where the line is to be drawn as to the amount of business which will be permitted to be conducted and as to the limits that may be put upon genius for affairs and national and local development. The only trouble with us is the mistakes by the politicians of both parties as to the real solid, sober temper of the American people. We have become the victims of specialization, but then this is an age of specialization. I admit that the specialists have done wonderful things in various lines. The research work in the Rockefeller and Carnegie Institutes has done much for humanity. They have taken a common "yaller" dog of ignoble birth, and by grafting upon him the organs of canine aristocracy have created a thoroughbred which takes the highest prizes in the dog expositions. (Laughter.)

They are discovering and hope to eliminate the sources of disease and the microbe of old age. It is said that a French specialist has located the microbe of old age, and that presently we shall live forever. That, however, does not make me feel entirely happy when I think of a good many men I know. (Laughter.) Nevertheless, they are dangerous. One of the most eminent surgeons in the country looked me over critically the other day and said: "Senator, I would regard it as the highest honor of my professional career if I could operate on you for appendicitis." (Laughter.) And if I had not been protected he would have strapped me on the table. He ignored the fact that my appendix for nearly seventy-nine years has been performing whatever part it does perform in as healthy and happy a life as any American wants to live.

By the way, one thing occurred at the convention which will be enjoyed by English-speaking people everywhere. There were two men in the gallery, next to one another, one a lum-

berman. When the New York delegation arrived, the other man said: "The New York delegation are all grafters and thieves." "Well," said the lumberman, "there is one who is not—Merritt." "Merritt," said the other, "why he's the Speaker of the House and the biggest of the lot." Said the lumberman: "If you'll step outside we will argue that question, and I think I can convince you that you are wrong." "Right," said the other, and they went outside. One of them gave the policeman five dollars to see it was a fair fight, and when the ambulance was carrying the slanderer of Speaker Merritt to the hospital, he poked his head over the dashboard and said: "Stranger, Merritt is an honest man." (Loud laughter.)

I admire the specialists in discovery who risk their lives to find the North or the South Pole, but I think the world gains more on the material side which adds to the distribution of the products of its labor and general happiness by the opening, the day before yesterday, of the railway station on the site of the palace of Haroun-al-Raschid at Bagdad. We can still let the children lie awake or dream frightful dreams about the Arabian Nights, but the railway in developing new regions gives opportunity for those children, as the world becomes increasingly populated, to add to civilization and the better living of all races.

Perhaps the practical value of finding that mythical flag-staff called the North Pole, which has been the dream of discoverers for a century, was best expressed by a quarrel which I heard in Washington between two very charming women—one an ardent partisan of Dr. Cook and the other of Commodore Peary. Cook's claim had received a very black eye, while Peary's seemed fully established, when the defeated lady remarked, with disgust: "Well, anyhow, Dr. Cook is a gentleman and a liar, but Peary is neither." (Laughter.)

We have a new school of politics with us which has been making very rapid strides in the last few years and is represented in both political parties. It appeals to the unrest which is common all over the world. In Europe it is the unrest of labor; in China it is the awakening of the possibilities of liberty caused by the return of the students from Western civilization. With us in the United States it exists, but its definition is diffi-

cult. The agitators of the new school say to a very busy people absorbed in their ordinary affairs and giving only quadrennially close attention to politics: "You are deprived of your liberties. We will see that they are restored to you. You in your elective capacity through the ballot box should perform the functions of President and courts and congresses and legislatures and municipal bodies. You should initiate laws without the bother of representatives to prepare and perfect them. You should have the power. You should do away with the limitations which enable a decision of the court to stand that you don't like, or a judge to sit on the bench who is unpopular." These hairtrigger philosophers do not know that every one of these schemes was thoroughly thrashed out by those extraordinary and levelheaded men who framed the Constitution of the United States. They had before them the example of a thousand years of history of these experiments and their purpose was to form a government of orderly liberty, to prevent the mad passion of the hour crystallizing into dangerous legislation or revolutionary activities. They placed the common law above Judge Lynch. The briefest but the finest tribute ever paid to the old Constitution was by Mr. Gladstone when he said that it was the greatest instrument ever created at a single session by the mind of man.

During the 125 years since it was adopted the whole world has changed its forms of government, and each change has been towards, as if drawn by a magnet, the liberties secured by that old Constitution of the United States. (Applause.)

The impatient spirit of the new age—the same in China as it is with us—was expressed by the Chinese reformer who called upon an American diplomat at eleven o'clock in the morning and said: "Excuse me if I am somewhat in a hurry, because I have to prepare a constitution for our country to be submitted to the Conclave at two."

The whole spirit of our Constitution, which is now assailed by the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall, is Representative Government—the delegation by a busy people of the powers of government to their own chosen representatives who, by frequent elections, are subjected and again subjected to a

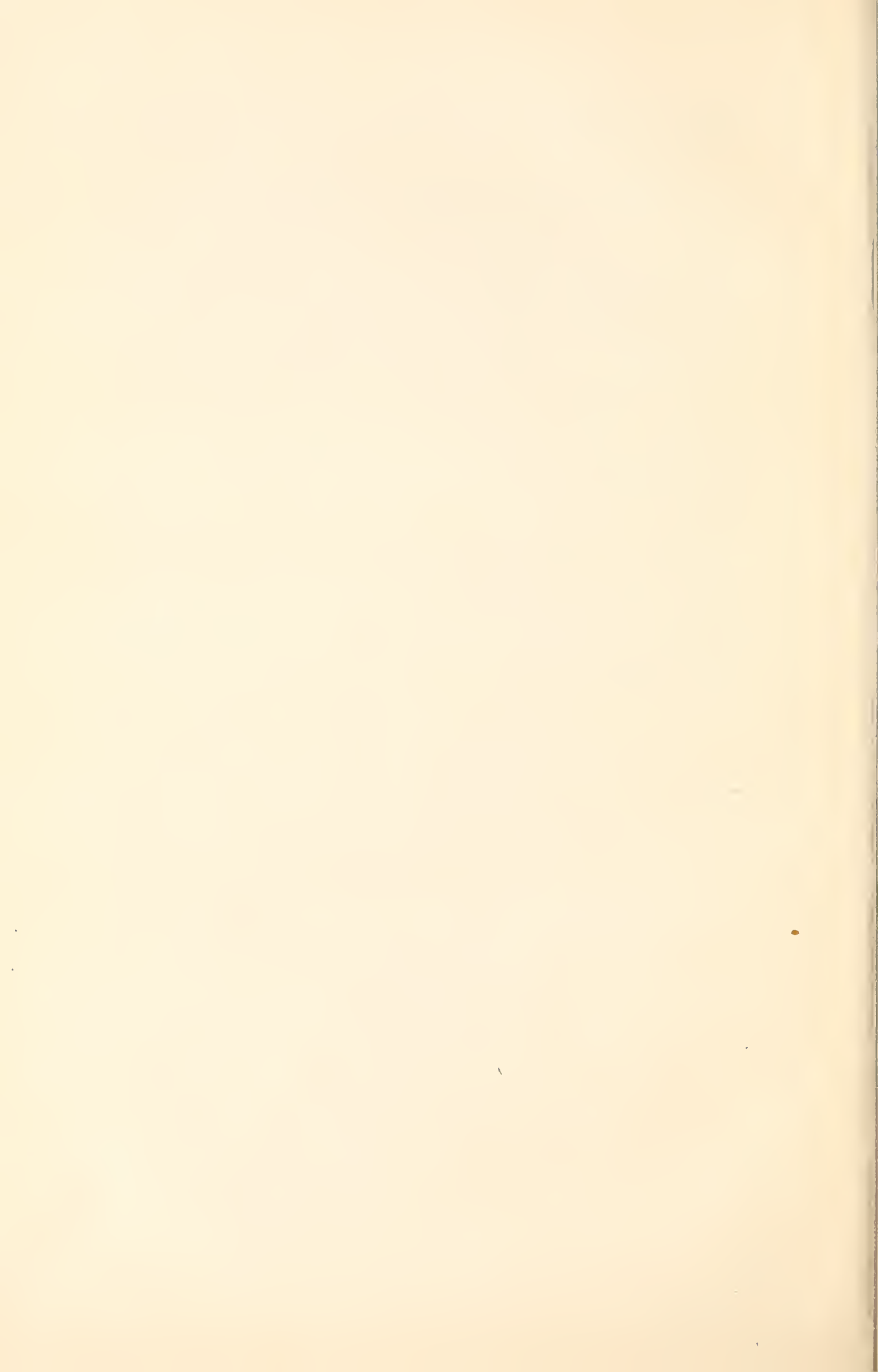
revision of their work. Above all, the original and yet fundamental idea of American liberty, which came from that convention and into the Constitution, was that there should be an independent judiciary. The Supreme Court of the United States has so interpreted the broad principles of the Constitution and so checked the effort of popular passion to subvert it that the government under a written Constitution, which was sufficient for three millions of people scattered along the Atlantic sea coast at its beginning, is found sufficient to-day for one hundred millions, peopling and developing a continent.

An English journalist said to me yesterday: "How about Canada?" On this Fourth of July I can say for the American people: We are glad of the relations so mutually prosperous that exist between Canada and the United States. We are glad of the growing prosperity of Canada, but the American people do not want another inch of territory more than they have now anywhere in the world. (Applause.) The Philipinos wanting independence and our navy to protect them in doing what they like, the Porto Ricans wanting immediate citizenship and then statehood, and Cuba not knowing what it wants, but holding us responsible, gives all the trouble outside of our own boundaries which we desire. (Laughter.)

A little story, and a new one, which happily illustrates that representative government still prevails in the United States, came to me the other day. The most promising of the candidates for Congress before the Congressional Convention had selected a friend to make the speech presenting his name. When the time came for nominations he was so nervous and the preliminary proceedings so long that he went out frequently for liquid refreshment. While he was absent his friends found a more eloquent advocate to present his name. When he returned this stranger, to him, was describing in glowing terms the qualifications of his candidate. The candidate, not knowing it was himself who was presented, turned to his friend whom he thought was to make the nominating speech and said: "For heaven's sake, when that man sits down withdraw my name. If there is any cuss before this convention as a candidate who possesses the qualifications

which this speaker is describing, I am not in his class.”  
(Laughter.)

Well, gentlemen, I have celebrated the Fourth of July many and many a time at home and in different parts of our country. I graduated on the 26th of June, 1856, from Yale and delivered the oration at Peekskill on the fourth of July, and I have been at it ever since. I have joined in the celebration in many countries of Europe and several times upon the sea, but it is peculiarly appropriate and never more appropriate than now, that this celebration should be in the great metropolis of the British Empire. It emphasizes the perpetuity of the friendship which now exists and always will exist between the British Empire and the United States. It emphasizes the fact that every difference which could possibly lead to trouble between us has been settled through the medium of diplomacy and arbitration. It emphasizes the fact that each is proud of the growth, the strength, the power and development of the other. It emphasizes the fact that there is a great mission in this world for peace and humanity and that this mission is largely in the custody of English-speaking peoples.  
(Loud applause.)



**SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the Annual Banquet Celebrating the 144th  
Anniversary of the Chamber of Commerce, Held  
at Waldorf-Astoria, November 21, 1912.

President Claffin in introducing Senator Depew said: "Our final toast to-night is 'Theory and Experience.' The response will be by an old friend, an ever youthful friend, one whose youth seems perennial even as that of the Chamber itself. We have loved him and honored him for years and we welcome him to-night with joy—the Honorable Chauncey M. Depew." (Applause.)

Mr. Depew:

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I have been introduced many times in the course of my long career, but this is the first time it has ever been suggested that my age was coeval with the one hundred and forty-four years of the Chamber of Commerce. (Laughter.)

Of those years the present year of 1912 is one of the most important and interesting. We cover a wide field, and it is our duty to consider everything which affects our foreign and domestic commerce and business generally.

Three events of the highest importance are uppermost in our minds—this terrific war between the Balkans and Greece, on the one hand, and Turkey on the other, which threatens to involve the great powers and will certainly change the map of Europe; next, the International Congress and Boards of Trade of most of the commercial cities of the world who held their sessions in our country and were the guests of this Chamber; and, lastly, the government of the United States for the third time in fifty-six years passing into the hands of the Democratic party.

All the power and influence of the Chamber of Commerce of New York have been given to the efforts, so strenuously made in recent years, to promote the peace of the world. Until within a few months it seemed as if the peace movement had made more progress than in all preceding time, and the

prospects of early success were very great. Suddenly a war breaks out which proves how unstable are the relations between nations. A savage contest, which was decided by battle for the Turks six hundred years ago, is suddenly renewed after six centuries in one of the bloodiest wars of modern times. This war illustrates how near the nations are at all times to a sudden and violent appeal for the settlement of their difficulties and the gratification of their passion, by the arbitrament of the sword.

An American woman writes that she stood beside King Nicholas of Montenegro when he gave the order for his son to fire the cannon, the shell from which exploded soon after in the camp of the Turks on the other side of the valley. Within four weeks fifty thousand men were dead or wounded. The victorious hosts were battling with their defeated but defiant and stubborn enemies day after day, the armies of all countries of Europe were mobilizing and their navies put in active commission, and the only barrier to the most terrific and destructive war of modern times was the will and power of the Emperor of Germany and the Premier of Great Britain. The exchanges and the markets of Europe and Asia were facing possibilities and experiencing revolutionary changes which had not occurred since the time of the first Napoleon. It is within recent recollection of everybody here present that the United States became a world power and as such interested in this revolution. Nothing illustrates our happy situation better than that while we are in it we are not of it. If the Emperor and the Premier were unable either to prevent others or keep their own countries out of the conflict, happily nothing could drag us into it. But this situation has a pregnant lesson for us. It shows that, after all has been done and is being done for peace between nations, the unexpected may happen at any time. It demonstrates that for our peace, for our commerce, for the protection of our coasts and maintenance of our proper position in the world without war, our fleet should be kept up to a standard adequate to the necessity of any situation in which we may be placed. (Applause.)

The meeting in our country of the commercial representatives of all nations was one of the agencies for peace, but



it also demonstrated that we are to be more and more dependent as years go by upon our share in the commerce of the world. While government farms were plenty and free for the settler, we could live happily in continental isolation, but now the situation is changed. From almost purely agricultural we have become more largely a manufacturing people. A gathering of the representatives of all the activities and industries of Europe within our borders was not only a revelation to them, but a university for commercial education to us. Their amazement and interest were not so much as to the size and development and resources of our country as to our wonderful internal commerce. Here was the greatest market in the world. Here were more money and more material exchanged than in almost all the rest of the world put together. Here was an internal commerce between the states which was more than double that of their foreign commerce with each other and with all the rest of the world. I met many of them, and their eagerness to share in the commercial possibilities of our forty-eight states amounted almost to hysteria. (Laughter and applause.)

A question of supreme importance, and one in which this Chamber is most deeply interested, is how far and on what terms and on what basis our doors shall be thrown open. Shall this mighty question be decided by theory or by experience? We are all glad, however, to see our visitors and there is no doubt but that the results will be beneficial to us all.

A little incident occurred recently to me which shows that after all we are close together. The sense of humor and its development is one of the tests of human relationship. When I was in London last summer a successful banker said to me, "How was the weather on the continent this summer?" "Well," I said, "it was so cold in the hottest place in France that I had to put a spirit lamp under the bulb of the thermometer to raise it to sixty Fahrenheit." He said, "Just fancy." (Laughter.)

I was in Boston a few weeks since, and on our way in the taxi to the hotel we passed by the Common where the Italians were celebrating some festival with fireworks and bombs. A well-known citizen of Boston who met me said,

“You have not been to our city recently?” I said, “No, but the cordiality of our reception here to-night was exceedingly gratifying to me and touched me very deeply, with the fire-works illuminating the sky and the exploding bombs filling the air on our arrival.” He said, “I assure you, sir, that they were not for you at all.” (Laughter.)

In these two instances we see the link which Gladstone so happily mentioned of the tie that binds us with our kin across the sea. (Laughter.)

Last week the papers recorded that a lady arrived at Joplin, Mo., who was 113 years of age, and she was accompanied by her youngest son who was 85. She remarked, as a reason for her visit, that neither she nor any of her family had ever seen a railroad, a trolley car, an electric light, or a moving picture show. Inquired of as to the rest of her family, she said that she had left her eldest son at home to take care of the other children, her oldest being 95. (Laughter.) Now, I am not so old as this good lady, and unlike her I have had some experience in the world. I closed a vigorous campaign in 1856, during which I had for three months made the platform ring with eloquence for Fremont and freedom, to wake up the morning after election to the victory of Buchanan. Buchanan's administration and its disastrous results were the inspiration of political oratory and Republican party success for many a year, but looking back calmly over the intervening years and recalling the situation as it was at that period, I think that we have done injustice to President James Buchanan. He was a statesman fully capable of the duties of Chief Magistrate in normal times, but unequal to them in periods of revolution. As in the East, the forces of the Crescent and the Cross, which have been facing one another for six hundred years, have now come to settlement by arms which all the powers of the world could not stop, so at that time the battle of the ages between freedom and slavery had reached its culmination. Buchanan did the best he could, with his lights, to avert the catastrophe, but it was not in human power to do it.

In 1892 the Democratic party came into power with Grover Cleveland as President. I knew Cleveland both at

the bar and as President. I offered him the attorneyship of the New York Central Railroad at Buffalo, which included the large business at that time of the western terminal of the New York Central lines, and told him that he could retain his own business at the same time, and that his income would be more than doubled by the assumption of the post. His answer convinced me that he was a very strong and a very remarkable man. He said, "I am now earning enough for my needs, and no amount of money could tempt me to add to the hours of my work or the diminution of the days of my play." He always claimed that the difficulties of his administration were two things: one that he was the heir of the financial and industrial disturbance which had grown out of the surrender of the country to the silver craze; the other that he was betrayed in his policies by a minority of his own party sufficiently strong to prevent his carrying out what he believed would, in practice, have been for the best interest of the country. However, as things go in a country which is governed by parties, every administration is judged by its results and not by its intentions. Nevertheless, I believe that it is already the calm judgment of history that one of the ablest and certainly one of the most courageous of the Presidents of the United States was Grover Cleveland. (Applause.)

Now Governor Wilson enters upon the Presidency with none of the difficulties which surrounded Buchanan and none of the handicaps which troubled Cleveland. The political sea was never so calm and the political skies were never so propitious. In the midst of war we are at peace with all the world with no dangers threatening from abroad. Our internal conditions are as good if not better than they have ever been. A "bumper" crop, unequalled in the history of our harvests, is to add to our national and individual wealth. Our internal trade is of unequalled volume, and with the movement of this crop to be largely increased. The mill and the furnace are running on full time. Labor was never so fully employed, nor with wages so high. The farm was never receiving such returns. Our exports and imports were never so large and the balance of trade in our favor runs into the millions of dollars. Our only scarcity is of labor in many of

our industrial centers. There never was a better time when practical experiments with long-cherished theories could be carried out with less danger or with more benefit, if the theories are correct. (Applause.)

The mission of the hour seems to be to reduce the high cost of living, without lessening the opportunities for earning a living. The experimenters must bear carefully in mind the lesson taught by the well-known epitaph upon the tombstone in the country churchyard, "I was well. I wanted to be better. I took physic and here I am." (Laughter.)

While I belong to the opposite school of economic principles from that of the successful party, I do not see how it is possible for that party to fail to try the merits of its principles, its platform and its promises. We hear much in the vocabulary of politics of the mandate of the people. Taft and Roosevelt stood for a tariff for protection and Wilson for a tariff for revenue only. The combined vote for Taft and Roosevelt is a million and a half more than that for Wilson. Nevertheless, under our system of government, by which pluralities and not majorities are required, the Baltimore platform and its advocates are in the possession of every branch of the government and the mandate is to carry out their promises. All business men, and I am looking at these questions now only from the business standpoint, insist that the work shall be begun at the earliest possible moment and finished in the quickest possible time. The trained American business mind fears no conditions when factors are thoroughly understood. The genius of American enterprise, the optimism of the American spirit, the confidence in American judgment, have pulled us through many a panic, repaired the losses of the troublous times, and placed our business again upon firm foundations, and with prospering and prosperous conditions. The only one thing which the American business man cannot meet is uncertainty. The business men of the country pulled us triumphantly through the depression of '95 and '96, and a few of the captains of industry, placing patriotically at the service of their country their reputations, their acknowledged ability and their fortunes, pulled us safely through the panic of 1907. But in both these instances con-

ditions were known. There were no uncertainties about the factors. The only question was the existence of ability to meet them. With the results of the election, the danger to the judiciary and the recall of the judges has ceased to be a question. It will continue to exist probably in that marvelous city of Seattle as an object lesson. There it takes a majority to elect a mayor, but a small per cent. can put him on the recall. The result is that the highest office of that municipality is a greased plank. (Laughter.) It takes a majority to put the citizen to the top and less than a quarter of the vote may pull him down to the bottom, and the procession goes merrily on for the gait of nations and the booming of Seattle.

President Wilson in numberless speeches has felicitously put the remedies which he proposed instead of the drastic ones which are declared in his platform. He repeats before and after election, and we know that he believes what he says, that he can take all the evils there are in the tariff out without interfering with the business of the country, and he can suppress the evils there are in the trusts without disturbing labor or capital. I am sure that all of us, of all parties, wish him Godspeed, and we of all parties trust that theory may be so chastened by experience, and experience so liberalized by theory that the net results of the measures and policies of the incoming administration will be the continuance and the improvement of the happy business conditions of the country in which we rejoice to-night. (Loud Applause.)



**ADDRESS OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the Exercises at the Republican Club of New  
York, in Memory of the late James S. Sherman,  
Vice-President of the United States, Sunday,  
November 24, 1912.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND FRIENDS: We all loved Jim Sherman. I never knew any man who was so long in public life, with the jealousies and animosities which are incident to such a career, who enjoyed to such an unusual degree the affection of his fellow citizens of both parties. His career may be one of the few exceptions to the rule that a man is not without honor except in his own country. For twenty-two years his neighbors who knew him best kept returning him to the House of Representatives, and doubtless this tribute would have been paid him so long as he lived had he not been promoted to the Vice-Presidency, the second office in the gift of the people of the United States. Those who knew him intimately, and they hailed from every State and Territory, never addressed him as "Congressman Sherman" or "Vice-President Sherman," but they all came under the influence of that irresistible manner of his which made one feel that there was established with the Congressman or the Vice-President a most chummy relation which only exists among college classmates. He was the most popular undergraduate at Hamilton College during his college course, and he carried with him through life the youthful feeling of cordiality, of generosity, or unshaken confidence in his fellows, which kept enlarging as he grew older into cordial intimacy and affection which with most students end with graduation.

But we must, on an occasion like this, look beyond the personal characteristics of our friend in the effort to form an estimate of what gave him his promotion and distinction in public life; what were the ambitions by which he secured so large a degree of the confidence and esteem of the American people. Environment and heredity have most to do in the formation of character and in the making of a career. He

had an heredity which molded his mind and predestined his career. But he lived also all his life in an environment which taught freedom and crystallized his opinions upon public questions. He was born and passed his whole life in one neighborhood, which is part of that remarkable valley of the Mohawk that extends from Albany to Buffalo. He had seen settlements for manufacture start upon those fertile farms and then become prosperous villages and grow into important cities. He had seen these manufacturing centers constantly expanding in the value of their output, in the enlargement of their facilities, in the extension of their markets, in the increase of population and in the general and extraordinary prosperity. All this had happened under his eye while he was progressing from boyhood to youth, from youth to manhood and from manhood to middle age. He had seen the wonderful effects of the development of water power, which had created happy communities out of what had been before a wilderness. His studies naturally led to an inquiry into the sources of this development which had attracted the attention not only of the people of the State, but of the whole country. As his investigations and observations extended he became firmly convinced that these were all due to a policy of government, and that that policy was the protection of the American manufacturer and giving him so far as possible the possession of the American market. In his travels abroad and in his close examination of conditions in other countries he came to the conclusion, so fixed in his mind that it amounted to a religion, that the American market was the best market in the world and the largest, that the stability of our institutions and American citizenship of a high type depended upon so protecting that market for American labor and capital that competition with conditions so different in other highly organized industrial nations should not be able to deteriorate the standard of American wages and living. This was the fundamental principle of all his political career and the active motive of his life. At a time when that idea had become so unpopular with a percentage of the press of the United States, he supported it, imperiling his renomination for the Vice-Presidency, which he intensely desired, both for the honor, and because it would



make him the only one in the long line of Vice-Presidents to whom that honor had come, by emphatically stating in his speech of acceptance and in a speech preceding his nomination his views upon this question in a way which his associates and friends thought unnecessary, but he was determined that if re-elected the people of the United States should be in no doubt as to what he regarded as essential to the prosperity and future of the country.

His speech of acceptance and a message given later in the canvass are among the notable incidents in our political history of a man when the tide is turning otherwise against his opinions daring to risk everything rather than have his countrymen mistaken as to his views and policies which he would, if possible, carry out.

He died as he had lived and worked in the advocacy of these industrial policies.

The period of his service in Congress of twenty-two years was for our financial and industrial stability among the most critical in our history. With the close of the Civil War, we encountered all the difficulties of the formation of a new government. New conditions arose which had never existed before. The problem of the accumulation of great wealth and its proper distribution, so far as legislation could legitimately affect it, was an urgent problem. The creation of great corporations and their combination into greater ones, necessitated by competition and the need of economy in administration, presented other problems. The sectional difficulty had been settled, but these questions which grew out of extraordinary prosperity were the ones to be solved. It was a period of experiment from the day he entered Congress until he took the office of Vice-President, and when the crucial period arrived during the administration of President Cleveland for a trial of a new experiment different from the one in which he believed he had reached a place among the leaders of the House of Representatives. It is the peculiarity of all representative bodies and of every association that they are governed by leaders. The average man may rise and reach Congress because he is a leader in his locality, but when he comes to exercise the larger duties which devolve upon him

as a Representative, he finds it is easier to have others in whom he has confidence do his thinking than to do it himself, because with most men the most difficult task, the hardest work in the world and the most tiresome is to think and to think hard.

During this period about six men led the House of Representatives, and they were led in their turn by two very remarkable and masterful statesmen, Speaker Reed and Speaker Cannon. Mr. Sherman was one of this group during all this critical time, and up to the period of his promotion from the House of Representatives to the Vice-Presidency, he was a leader in the great fight against the effort to make silver the standard of value, either by its own merit or by some standard of union with gold, and also of the experiment with President Cleveland, so earnestly attempted, of getting rid of the principle of the protection of American industry and reducing the tariff to a revenue basis.

After the disastrous panic from 1894 to 1896 he was intimately associated with McKinley and with Dingley in changing the legislation upon this question, and his constructive ability was largely instrumental in the framing of what was known as the Dingley Tariff Bill, which reversed the policy of the preceding administration and placed the country again upon a high protective basis. There followed for about eight years a development of our national resources, the extension of our railway systems, the addition to our industrial output, the settlement of new lands, the government of new territories, and the further accumulation of power in corporations and individuals which led to almost revolutionary legislation and a period of great unrest in the public mind. Everyone who shared in this prosperity came to believe, under the influence of a remarkable agitation in powerful sections of the press and many political agitators, that while they were better off than ever before they had not received their full share of this extraordinary development of prosperity and wealth. So strong and deep-seated was this conviction of a wrong which could not be accurately defined, that nearly every public man in the country saw how much his popularity could be increased and how much it depended upon adding fuel to the fire. The most remarkable part of our friend's career is the manner and

the courage with which he resisted these temptations. No one in public life knew better the trend of current opinion, and no one was more capable of becoming one of its leaders or exponents. He had, however, no sympathy whatever with destructive policies of any kind. His mind was constructive and his ineradicable optimism made him cling persistently to the policies and motives which he believed had produced the conditions in the country in which all rejoiced, though they might not think they had got their share. He was an individualist. He had worked out his own career, with no advantageous surroundings or help, and he believed everyone could do the same according to his abilities. He admired intensely the man who had succeeded far greater than himself in politics or in business, but at the same time he believed that they deserved what they had won, and that it was due to remarkable ability, with the free opportunities that could only come where opportunities were so free as existed in the United States. Envy had no place in his composition. He was pre-eminently what is known as a stand-patter and proud of it. He lost no opportunity upon the platform or in the press of acquainting his fellow citizens with his views. There might be doubt about others, Senators and Congressmen might waver, candidates might sit upon the fence or straddle it, but no one ever doubted where could always be found the Vice-President. Scores of able men in public life who were equally courageous during this craze were driven out and consigned to private life. It is a marvel how he retained his hold and popularity. But the same qualities which made his countrymen call him "Sunny Jim," dissipated all enmity and disarmed opposition. It is most remarkable that at this peculiar and critical juncture such a man could have won without opposition this coveted honor of the second nomination to the second highest office in the gift of the people.

Now, my friends, what is a stand-patter anyway? He is never praised, but generally abused. He is attacked as an obstructionist. He is said to stand in the way of progress and to be the enemy of reform. But an intelligent and courageous stand-patter is a wise reformer who does not believe that all change is reform. He is a beneficent progressive who be-

believes that progress is the law of nations and of individuals, but along demonstrated lines, and not either by excursions into the unknown or the repetition of experiments which have proved failures wherever tried.

I have spoken of heredity as influencing character, and the stand-patism in our friend came from the strain of Puritanism which he inherited from old Captain John Sherman of Cromwell's Army, who was his ancestor as well as mine, and who came over, because of his faith which he would not surrender, among the early Puritans of Massachusetts. That Puritan strain kept him firm in the faith, both in speech and in practice, and while he had become to an extraordinary degree, unlike his ancestor, one of the most genial, companionable and lovable of men, nevertheless, like his ancestor, he would have gone to the stake for a dogma in religion or into obscurity for a principle in politics.

Lincoln was a stand-patter in his time. He resisted all the passionate and violent forces of his day. The Abolitionists, led by William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips, had no faith in him as a candidate for the Presidency, while, after he became President, it was only because he was the most remarkable man of his time that he was able to resist the radical assaults of Senator Wade and Thaddeus Stevens in Congress and Horace Greeley in the press. The most remarkable stand-patism in Mr. Lincoln's administration was his resistance for nearly three years of a determination so strong to make him issue his Emancipation Proclamation that impeachment was freely discussed among the more advanced of the radicals.

I have all my life been a close observer of legislation, from early participation as a member of the Legislature and subsequent study and twelve years in the United States Senate. I was in the Legislature of our State fifty-one years ago. During my second term I was for one session of the Legislature, while the Speaker was unable to perform his duty, the Acting Speaker of the New York Assembly. The House was evenly divided between both parties. The position of Speaker was a most difficult one, and it gave me an interest in the office and an understanding of its requirements which have lasted me through life. I have an exceeding admiration for anybody

who can acceptably perform the duties of the presiding officer of a deliberative body. Such a place requires more tact, skill, quick judgment and instantaneous decision than any other place in public life. The presiding officer must have the support not only of his political friends, but he must enjoy the confidence of his political enemies, because of his fairness and judicial temperament, and he must possess almost the temper of an angel.

The greatest Speakers I have ever known, and I had the opportunity of knowing much of them, were James G. Blaine and Thomas B. Reed. They had not only an acquired talent, but a positive genius for this office, but they lacked the one essential which made the success of Sherman. Reed raised fierce and violent antagonisms so passionate that if he had not had a great political majority with him, he could not have held his place. Blaine had geniality to a remarkable degree, but he failed to have that hold upon his political opponents by that indescribable college chumminess which characterized Sherman's relations with all men.

In the Senate we have no rules. Mr. Sherman had been chosen by different Speakers in the House of Representatives to act in their place when they left the chair and to preside over the Committee of the Whole. The House is governed by a collection of rules which are very rigid and a line of precedents which fills volumes. It was a most difficult thing for Mr. Sherman to be taken from a place like that to preside over a body which is governed practically by no rules whatever, but is a rule unto itself. Senators, especially the older ones, resent any effort on the part of the chair to curb their wanderings or the carrying out of their own, sometimes very unregulated, wills. One of the strongest men in the Senate, as well as one of the most quarrelsome, took a position, was called to order and the Vice-President decided against him. The Senator instantly declared that the independence of the Senate had been invaded by the Vice-President, who was not a member of the Senate, but only its Constitutional presiding officer; that he had no right to use a position which was largely one of courtesy to violate the traditions of the most august body in the world and deny, or attempt to deny, to a Senator the rights to

which every Senator was entitled. It was a personal attack; it was a bitter one. The scene was dramatic. The situation was very tense. Most presiding officers would have lost their temper, or at least shown heat. It was a studied effort to humiliate the Vice-President. Sherman's attitude was perfect. There was not the slightest indication in his manner or speech that the personal element was in his thought. He was the presiding officer personified. With perfect calmness, good humor and dignity, he stated the case to a breathless Senate. He did it so clearly and convincingly that the Senate sat down upon the tumultuous Senator, and Sherman's decisions were never after questioned.

The study of Vice-Presidents has been to me always an interesting one. I knew Mr. Hamlin, the Vice-President during Mr. Lincoln's first term, and all of them since. The Vice-Presidency is not an ideal position. It was placed in the Constitution to provide an heir to the Presidency. Curiously enough the framers of the Constitution never looked to the contingency of both President and Vice-President dying. That has been remedied only within recent years. In seeking to find some duties for the Vice-President, it was finally decided to make him the presiding officer of the Senate, with no power except to vote when there was a tie. It requires a statesman of unusual gifts to sustain with dignity this position, and have no portion of the power which apparently should belong to the second highest office in the country. A father encourages his son and heir to prepare himself for his place and the administration of his estate, but Presidents want to succeed themselves for at least one term and resent any prominence or popularity which might make a Vice-President a competitor. So Presidents are almost always jealous of the Vice-President, and keep him at a distance. They rarely want his advice, and they do not want him to share in any way in the responsibilities or in the fame of the acts of the administration. This is not peculiar to our Presidents. I have known the heirs to the throne of several countries in Europe. There is no position so difficult. The sovereign is never on good terms with his heir. The older the sovereign grows the more distasteful becomes the activities of the son who is to be his successor. It

requires the rarest tact and forbearance for the son to keep even on good social relations with his father, the Emperor or the King, or his mother, the Queen. I remember, because I knew him so well, the difficulties which surrounded the late King Edward in this respect. His mother was a most masterful and capable ruler, but as she grew older she became more jealous of the prerogatives of the throne. Her son for a quarter of a century was old enough and capable of being King, and it is one of the highest tributes to his diplomatic ability that he could have considerable influence and still so adjust himself to the situation as not to arouse the jealousies of his mother. Presidents do not welcome Vice-Presidents to Cabinet consultations or conferences at the White House. Nothing is so disturbing, I might almost say offensive, to a President as to have it generally understood that some measure of administration, some suggestion to the Congress, some policy enunciated, came from the Vice-President. It has been said that the only exception to this rule was Hobart. Mr. Hobart was a most agreeable gentleman, with wonderful tact and ability of self-effacement, while McKinley, on the other hand, was one of the most sweet tempered and amiable of men. Undoubtedly Mr. Hobart was oftener in the White House and in consultation with the President than any of his predecessors, but when this fact became exaggerated in the press into a common statement that the Vice-President was consulted on all questions and his advice in a measure potential, it so annoyed the President that it would not have been long before this cordial relation was terminated. Sherman had been in Congress through many administrations and thoroughly understood this situation. He never attempted in any way to influence or direct the administration of President Taft. He was always ready for consultation, but never let it be known that he had been consulted. If a conference had occurred where his view had been accepted, he would have been the first to assert, if the question had been raised, that the conclusions arrived at were the final judgment of the President himself.

Mr. Sherman enjoyed life in every phase. He had the rarest of social gifts. But his popularity was not dependent upon these. He was an indefatigable worker for his party

or for his friends, but the hold which he had upon all who knew him was not dependent upon these. Everyone who knew him at all knew the wonderful fidelity, persistence and strength of his friendships. He would go farther and risk more to befriend a friend in whom he believed, but who was for the moment under a cloud, than almost any man in public life. The steadfastness which characterized his adherence to his political opinions was equally strong in his personal relations. By reason of these exceptional qualities, he has joined the majority regarded and mourned by a multitude of friends. But beyond this generation he will live. There are two kinds of men who rise to distinction: one is the genius who is governed by no rules, the other is the man who is governed by rules the same as others, but somehow he is exceptional. Precisely what makes him exceptional it is difficult to discover. Among his friends are many who are as able and as cultured, whose character is as high, and whose work is as good, and yet in a way which they could not explain he is their superior. In other words, he is an exceptional man.

Mr. Sherman was one of the finest representatives of this class. He knew how to do or to say the right thing at the right time. He knew how to differ with others, and to differ radically, and at the same time retain a whole-hearted and cordial relationship even with those who could not agree with him. It was his gift to have the confidence in a rare degree of those who differed with him because they never distrusted him. His career will always be a bright one in the history of our State, and in the story of our Vice-Presidents he will always hold a unique and distinguished place.



**SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the Luncheon of the New York State Society  
of the Cincinnati, at the Metropolitan Club, No-  
vember 25, 1912, in Celebration of the Evacua-  
tion of New York by the British Army, November  
25, 1783.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Critics of our ancient and honorable Society say that we exist for no other purpose than to perpetuate, on the principle of heredity, the founders of our organization. This meeting is ample refutation of such a charge. The educational value of celebrating, by appropriate service, the leading events of the Revolutionary War by annual meetings on their natal day cannot be overestimated. One of the defects of our school system is its failure to emphasize the foundation of the Republic, the principles which have been won by the success of the Revolutionary War and the names and the merits of founders and the principles of the Constitution.

There is no more picturesque event in our annals than the evacuation of this country by the British Army after the successful close of the Revolutionary War. The seven years' struggle was over in the triumph of the colonies and the foundation of the Republic. The terms of peace had been ratified, and it was only necessary to arrange the preliminaries for the departure of the enemy from our shores. They were enemies no longer because amicable relations had been established between the mother country and the colonies by the recognition of the independence of the latter. The American Army was in camp at Newburgh, under the command of General Washington, and the British Army at New York, under the command of Sir Henry Clinton. It was arranged that these two generals should meet at Dobbs Ferry, which was about midway between their two camps. To those who were born upon the banks of the Hudson, and whose ancestors were involved in the struggle, this meeting was of unusual interest. The place had long been known as about the center of what

was called the neutral ground. It was the little territory between the outlying posts of either army which was constantly raided by irregulars of both. Within a short distance was Sleepy Hollow, where André had been captured by the three famous farmers of Westchester, Paulding, Williams and Van Wort. This event, as much as any other, had contributed to the salvation of the patriot cause. The two generals undoubtedly approached the place by the Albany Post Road, which is still the main source of communication along the Hudson. Both armies had tramped over it in victory and defeat many times during the course of the struggle. Every foot of it was familiar to the American staff and soldiers, as it was also to that of their armies. I doubt if any automobile could have gotten over it in that early day. For seven years it had been absolutely neglected, and, in its best state, was anything but an ideal highway. But to the bold riders who were to meet at Dobbs Ferry, the surface of the roadway was of little moment.

To-day this historical highway witnesses a procession far different from the American and British soldiers, the cowboys and the skimmers who alternately and frequently marched over it during the seven years of revolution. The marchers of to-day believe they are tramping for a cause as vital as the one for which Washington fought. They are thirty-five militant suffragettes, with flags and banners and trumpets, on their way to Albany to capture the Governor and Legislature. It is a picturesque procession which would have interested and surprised General Washington and Sir Guy Carlton during their interview at Dobbs Ferry.

At Dobbs Ferry they paused to view the historic spot where was arranged the Evacuation of New York by the British Army, its occupancy by the American Army and the successful close of the Revolution and the placing of the new Republic upon sure foundations built by their valor and cemented by their blood. Thirty of the militant ladies remained at Dobbs Ferry, while five bravely marched on.

The ribald and unsympathetic press reported that the dropping out of the thirty-five was due to fatigue and exhaustion. We know that is a libel upon these fair, coura-

geous women. They staid to study the history of Dobbs Ferry.

An unsuccessful attack has been made for many years upon this historic name. An enterprising citizen of Colonial Westchester had established a ferry across the river from the Westchester side to Nyack on the Rockland side on the west. To inform the public of this means of communication, he had posted at the landing a sign, painted by himself, "Dobbs, His Ferry." The fact that the Commanders-in-Chief of the two armies met here for the purpose of arranging the details of the evacuation of New York, of its possession by the Continental Army, of all that it signified for the present and the future of our country and to unborn generations ought to arouse and to intensify local pride in the preservation of such an historic spot. But for years the Post Office Department has been besieged to change the name to some high-sounding suburban title. Some want it called a Manor, after an old English estate, while others would give to it a romantic designation, gathered from the pages of some popular novel whose heroine had attracted their attention. However, the sturdy old families, whose ancestors have been there during the storm and stress of the perilous times of the Revolution, have been able so far to resist these wealthy newcomers, many of whom have no ancestors connected with the glorious days of Washington and the Continental Army. As a Westchester man, with a Westchester ancestry running back to the first settlement of the county and the purchase of land from the Indians, it was one of my most agreeable duties during the years I was United States Senator to prevent the obliteration of this historic name and its associations. If an event of such supreme importance, connected with the origin of any country in Europe had happened at any spot within its borders, it would be a place of pilgrimage for all succeeding generations, and the neighbors instead of wishing to change it, that there might be upon their notepaper a more high-sounding designation, would have rejoiced that they lived in a neighborhood so classic, and look upon the spot, where the commanders of the opposing armies met, with reverential awe.

The neutral ground of which Dobbs Ferry was the cen-

ter was raided repeatedly by the irregulars of both armies. Two of my grandfathers, both of whom served in the American Army during the war, owned farms in this territory and were acute sufferers. As illustrating how long the passions of the Revolution survived, the day after I was admitted to the bar my father gave me a list of names with the admonition that I must never trust any of them; that if witnesses they would be liars, and if litigants have unworthy cases, and if jurymen always to be challenged, because their fathers or grandfathers were Tories during the Revolution.

This meeting between General Washington and Sir Henry Clinton had its counterpart many years afterward. They were both of the same race and blood. The one was the commander of the forces of the government which had been supreme in the land from its first settlement, and the other the commander of the forces in revolution against that government which had succeeded. Eighty-two years passed, during which the young Republic, recognized then at Dobbs Ferry, had grown to be one of the most powerful nations of the world, when there was another meeting between two generals, one representing the sovereign power of the nation and the other representing the people who were in revolution against its authority. In this case the place was not Dobbs Ferry, New York, but it was Appomattox, Virginia. In the first instance the revolution had been successful; in the second, the revolution had failed. The leaders in the first meeting were General Washington and Sir Henry Clinton; in the second, General Ulysses S. Grant and General Robert E. Lee. The issue of the first of these great meetings was the formation of the new Republic and launching it upon its mission as an independent nation. The issue of the second meeting, eighty-two years afterward, was the reuniting of the partially broken Union and the reestablishment of the Republic upon a surer foundation and with a larger measure of freedom, opportunity and hopefulness than ever before.

The gathering, as always between great soldiers, must have been largely reminiscent, for Washington had been long an officer in the Colonial forces, serving under the British flag and associating with the British Army, and the incidents

of the campaign, so fresh to each of them, were memorable and undoubtedly furnished material for a conversation much longer than the preliminaries which were easily arranged. Sir Henry very properly thought that his army should remain until the meridian. It was a happy suggestion that until the sun has passed toward the setting, the old order of things should remain, and the army representing the old government should still be upon British soil, but when the sun started onward toward its setting, then should the march begin of that evacuation, which should signify and illustrate the setting of the sun of any foreign power within the limits of the new Republic.

A little incident indicates that humor had taken the place of animosity between the two armies. The flagstaff at Fort George on the battery had been greased by the departing British soldiers to make it as difficult as possible for the American to climb and raise the American standard. However, the enjoyment which they expected from this practical joke was spoiled by the ingenuity and agility of an American sailor. He succeeded in reaching the top of the flagstaff, and the last detachment of British soldiers which entered their boats to join their ships saw the American flag floating from the top of the greased pole, from which their own standard had been lowered an hour before.

Seven years before the entry of the Continental Army into New York it had been driven from the island, and its retreat had been along the same highway upon which it returned in triumph seven years later. When one recalls the privations and hardships of the revolutionary soldiers during this long war, their sufferings from lack of food and clothing, as well as the perils which they had encountered, one can well imagine the elation, the enthusiasm and the elastic step with which they made their triumphal entry into our metropolitan city.

It was on that day that our Society of the Cincinnati had its first banquet. The British fleet had passed the narrows and were out of sight when Governor Clinton gave a dinner to the American officers at Fraunce's Tavern. The Cincinnati Society had been formed by General Washington in the

camp at Newburgh on the fourth of July, 1783, and on the twenty-fifth of November, 1783, the Governor of the State of New York, who was also a Brigadier General in the Continental Army, gave this dinner to Washington and his officers. All of them were members of the newly formed Society of the Cincinnati. No such banquet has ever been held in our country. The war was over, and these veterans were to bid each other good-bye, never to be again reunited, and to return to their homes. The Republic, for which they had fought seven years, was now a recognized sovereignty among the nations of the world, but the problems of organization and of government for the Thirteen Colonies cast a gloom upon the gathering. These veterans, who were both soldiers and statesmen, knew that there were before them perils as great as those from which their valor had rescued the country. In the next five years of trial and experiment with government this adventure came near being wrecked. Failure attended the preliminary trials until finally the Constitution, as we have it to-day, was adopted by that extraordinary convention over which General Washington presided. Its adoption by the convention was largely due to the persuasion and the personal influence of General Washington. Its adoption by the States was largely due to the officers of the Continental Army, the comrades of Washington, who in every State became the recognized advocates of this work of that wonderful body over which their beloved commander had presided. That Constitution has lived for one hundred and twenty-five years, practically unchanged. Gladstone's tribute to it, "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," has been justified by the experiences of the years. All that we are as a nation is due to the wonderful foresight of those men who framed this great instrument and to the adaptability of their work to every change in conditions during this century and a quarter.

After one hundred and twenty-five years of marvelous development, expansion, prosperity, liberty and happiness under the Constitution, we are now told it must be altered and its fundamental spirit of Representative Government destroyed.

To uphold this great charter of law and order with liberty, is one of the duties which devolve upon this Society of the Cincinnati, the sacred trust imposed upon its members by the fathers.

But we go back to the banquet. Let us for a moment recreate the scene. It was the custom on such occasions for toasts and responsive speeches. We can easily imagine that the first sentiment was to the new Republic and a prayer for its perpetuity. The next, with more acclaim and more emotion than any compliment ever offered to a human being, was to the commander-in-chief, General Washington. The response of the General, for he was no speaker, was not in words, but in an emotion which was shared by them all. Then came a grateful recognition of the services of our French allies and of a bright and witty response from General Lafayette. We can see the martial, rotund figure, with genial countenance, of General Knox rising to respond for the army. Auld Lang Syne has been the anthem which has closed many an historic gathering, but never was it sung with such fervor and feeling as on this occasion when the past was secure, when the present was so glorious, when heroes were clasping hands, and when the future was so full of doubt, and, at the same time, of hope.

Nine days afterward came the most pathetic incident in the history of the Army of the United States. The officers had again assembled to bid a last farewell to General Washington. It was once more in old Fraunce's Tavern. The war was over, the victory had been won, the Republic was founded, the army disbanded. These companions in arms who had suffered so much and fought so gloriously for seven years were to give up their commands and return to their homes. To many it was to privation and poverty, for everything had been sacrificed for their country. A hand clasp, a muffled good-bye and tears obscuring the sight was the farewell of these gallant men to their wonderful commander. They were all members of our Society. They were bidding good-bye to the Commander-in-chief of the army who was returning to private life, and also the President-General of the Society of the Cincinnati. They all felt that while they might meet in

the future in their several States and the general Society once a year, there was no possibility that all should be gathered again, and, therefore, that this was the most significant meeting of the society formed for such a glorious purpose for the country, and in whose perpetuity they believed was the preservation of the principles upon which the government had been founded. It was their hope and prayer that their descendents should strive through succeeding generations to preserve intact all that had been won by the valor of their ancestors.



**SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
on the Occasion of the Presentation of the  
Grand Jewel of the 33°, at the Masonic Hall,  
New York, December 20, 1912.

BRETHREN: Many things occur to one during life which are memorable in their influence upon character and career; others which give distinct pleasure so great as to separate that day from others and make it a red-letter one. This is especially the case with gifts. No boy ever forgets his first watch. No girl ever forgets her first bracelet or ring. Little note is taken of these incidents at the time, but they become more precious with advancing years, and as the days of the gift recede the memory of them grows brighter.

Middle age also has its gifts from the larger circle which has then been formed and the closer intimacies which have been made. It is after one has passed seventy that evidences of friendship are more cherished. It is one of the lamentable incidents of a career that those whom we love and cherish drop away and join the majority while we go marching on. The circle narrows, and, except for certain redeeming features, the period beyond threescore and ten would grow more and more lonely until one stood absolutely alone. This must be the case with those who have not cherished, during their opportunities, love and brotherhood. It is possible to ward off this isolation by keeping abreast with the times and active in all living discussions and interests. It is possible to form associations with those who have come later upon the stage, but they are never the warm friendships, the intimacies and the confidences of youth and of middle age.

There is one absolute panacea, however, for these ills, and that is found within the bosom of Masonry. Masonry is ever young, and its associations ever fresh. Within its walls the sentiment which is the inspiration of the Craft is the perpetual youth of friendship, of companionship and of brotherhood by means of the sacred tie.

We are now within a few days of Christmas. It is a

period of festivities which are peculiarly affiliated with our Order. We celebrate at Christmas time the coming upon earth in the person of Divinity appearing as a man, the universality of love and peace and good will among men. It was a doctrine which had never been known and never practiced before. It has been working its way for nearly two thousand years, until now it is recognized universally as the mainspring of action for happiness both with individuals and with nations. The fact that there is a war raging in Europe does not militate against the growth of this idea. In the olden time the world was always at war—at war for territory, for revenge, for racial hatred, or for the ambitions of reigning dynasties in monarchical countries. There were certain great questions which could be solved only by war. With us, it was the question of slavery, but that eliminated we will have peace among ourselves forever. This war in the Balkans is a war of religions which has been slumbering for six hundred years. The Balkan peasant wears mourning upon his hat for defeat in a battle with the Turks six centuries ago. The oppression by the Mohammedans of the Christian natives during all these ages has finally culminated in the present struggle. The victory of the Balkan Christian over the Mohammedan Turk is due to the advancement of the ages, as well as to modern ideas penetrating their mountains, reaching them in their schools, being carried back to them by their immigrants who have come to America, made a competency and then returned home, while nothing in all this time has been able to penetrate the fatalism of the Koran. The spirit which started two thousand years ago, working out for these Balkan peoples brotherhood with each other and a common faith which united them, notwithstanding territorial divisions, has enabled them to beat the Turk, who has advanced little according to modern ideas from his ancestor who swept over Europe in that distant age.

But Masonry has grown stronger with the centuries. It appeals to the best element of human nature, to the only living thing there is in humanity, and that is the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

There are distinctions in this world, not so great as there

used to be, but they still exist and always will. In a Republic like ours all men are equal one day in the year, when, as citizens, they deposit their ballots, but every other day in the year they differ in fortune, in station and in almost every way. But those who enter the sacred portals of Masonry leave behind their titles and their distinctions and come in all as men and brothers. This is not for one day nor for one year, but for all time. When a Mason has advanced so that he reaches the exalted position of the highest honors in the Scottish Rite, he carries with him not only this brotherhood and all that it means in helpfulness, but he realizes as he never did before that there are gradations in truth. Not but what all truth is the same, but in the purer and more elevated and more clarified atmosphere of the Scottish Rite degrees all sides of truth and all the beneficent power of truth and all the energizing and recreating power of truth are clearer than they ever were before.

A new society has been formed and assumed a title which has added a new word to the English language. They call themselves "Spugs." Within a month they claim that twenty-two hundred have enrolled under their banner, and each one, both men and women, proudly says, "I am a Spug." The idea of the society is to stop the useless giving at Christmas which desecrates both the day and the gift. A gift is worse than useless; it is an injury unless accompanied by the proper sentiment from the giver and a reciprocal sentiment from the recipient. I know of nothing more demoralizing than the painful consultations of Brown and Smith and Jones with their wives as to what they shall do for Robinson, and of Robinson with his wife of how he shall reciprocate what he is afraid he will get from Brown and Smith and Jones. I know of a lady who from a person she cared nothing about, except socially, received a fan, and the next year she sent it to another whom she cared nothing about, except socially, and another year that person sent it back to the original giver, and then all three became enemies. Christmas in a family, and especially for the children with Santa Claus still a reality, is the most delightful festival of the year.

But you are presenting me with a gift to-night which has

a significance not to be found in any Christmas offering. It is more than the watch or the ring or the necklace because it has no duplicates. Money cannot purchase it; rank cannot secure it; power cannot win it. It is the original creation of the inspired artist who threw into it an expression which none but those entitled to wear it can understand or the sweetness and the charm and the love which it signifies. Its appearance carries the wearer everywhere among brethren whom he never knew before, and who seeing the emblem are his brothers at once. To me, appreciating as I do, all that the emblem stands for, and all that it means, there comes an added significance and power which warms my heart and touches me very deeply. It is that those who have chosen me to be a brother among them have not only conferred upon me that great honor, but that they have also assumed and claimed the privilege of securing this jewel and of giving it to me not only for what it means, but for what they think of me and what they know of the regard I have for them.

**SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the dinner given by the Lotos Club of New  
York to Governor William Sulzer, February 8,  
1913.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: It has been the custom of the Lotos Club to greet with all its honors the incoming Governor of the State of New York. This ceremony began almost with its organization, and has, therefore, included most of our chief executives during the last half century. As my membership dates back farther and has lasted longer, I think, than any other, it has been my pleasure to participate in all these ceremonials.

It is gratifying to our State pride and the good judgment of our citizenship that we never have had an unworthy Governor. However much they have differed in their politics, their policies and their characteristics, all of them have been fit Governors of the Empire State. It was my privilege to become acquainted with Governor Sulzer when he took his first step, nearly a quarter of a century ago, as a member of the legislature, and to follow his most interesting career with admiration and friendship.

The Governorship of the State of New York is in many ways second only in responsibilities to the Presidency of the United States. Our friend is already discovering the wonderful difference between being a member of the legislative branch and the executive. As a legislator or congressman he is one of many. As President or Governor, he is it. The Governor sends his messages to the two hundred members of the legislature and expects them to adopt his suggestions. If they originate measures and pass them, which are contrary to his judgment, he does not hesitate to set his opinion up against that of the majority of the legislative branch and to interpose his veto. If he is the party leader, as the Governor ought to be, and if his party friends are in the majority, the veto is never overridden. It is to the credit of Governor Sulzer's courage that he has laid out a broad, liberal and statesman-

like program for his administration, and that he has informed the legislature that he is the leader, as he ought to be by virtue of his office.

When we criticize so freely, as we do our Governor, we ought to remember what we require of him. I was elected Secretary of State of New York, fifty years ago this year. Horatio Seymour was Governor. It was in the midst of the Civil War. Notwithstanding the usual expenses of great amount imposed upon the State because of its contribution to the Army, the budget was only about seven millions of dollars, but in those days that sum was raised by direct taxation. This made the people very watchful of their State finances and they held their representatives to a strict account for every projected improvement and the expenditure of every dollar. A hundred thousand dollars, more or less, in that early date in the State budget would lead to a political revolution. With the disappearance of the direct tax and the raising of all revenues by indirect taxation, this supervision by the great mass of the people disappeared. This sense of accountability and responsibility went with it, and almost imperceptibly our budget has grown from seven millions to forty millions without discussion and without protest.

I am glad the Governor, as his first act, has appointed a committee to look into all the departments and to find out how efficiency can lead to economy. When Senator Aldrich remarked in the Senate some years ago that as a business man and on business principles he could save three hundred millions of dollars a year running the government, his statement was declared to be absolutely absurd, and yet President Taft's efficiency and economy committee have found where there could be a saving of nearly one hundred millions a year without impairing in the least the work of the various departments. The trouble with economy is its cruelty. One of the necessities of our form of government, in so far as there is no civil service, is the constantly increasing and unnecessary employment to take care of political parties and their leaders. We rightly criticize the enormous extravagance of the government of the City of New York. We know that one-third of our appropriations are wasted, and yet that condition is charge-

able largely to our system. It is the same with all parties and under all administrations. Berlin does better with a dollar than New York does with five, because in Berlin the trained man only takes his place, whether humble or lofty, and five men are not appointed where one whose efficiency and competency could more satisfactorily do the work.

The Governor of the State of New York at the present time is the executive officer of our system of canals, of the expenditure of one hundred and one million of dollars upon them, of the selection, location, plan and development of the terminals and of one hundred millions of dollars for the highways of the State. He ought to possess all the qualities which would recommend him to a board of directors of one of the great railway systems of the country. The same problems and responsibilities are before him and he does not have the guidance of a board of directors who are financially interested and by trained men who have been brought up from the bottom for the discharge of their various duties. So that if Governor Sulzer successfully manages the Barge Canal, which will be opened in his term, with its terminals, and the expenditure of this vast sum upon the roads, with happy and satisfactory results, when he retires from office or the political situation should change and he be relegated to private life, he would have a high claim and a good chance to become one of those few most efficient, most patriotic and most useful citizens of the United States, and most unpopular politically, a railroad president.

Then one of the greatest responsibilities resting upon our Governor is the supervisory care of the metropolis of the Western Continent. No matter how much of a home ruler he may be, the problems of the great city are constantly coming to him for solution. The electorate of the city numbers one-half of the voters of the State. Its party leader or boss is in command of a solid phalanx as against the warring factions of the rural districts. I think the hardest task of a Democratic Governor, and one which shows the highest qualities of diplomacy, tact and statesmanship, is to placate that leader and still please the people.

Silas Wright, the selected prototype of our friend, and his

great admiration, was Governor when I was ten years old, so I did not know him. But I was in the convention which nominated Governor Morgan in 1858 and in the legislature during his second term. I thus came to know him intimately, and have been on friendly terms with every Governor since. We did not have in those days the great multi-millionaires whose names and fortunes are now the most exciting subject of public comment, but in the development of that early time we had a few of the same masterful and successful men. They were called Merchant Princes. They were Edwin D. Morgan, the Grinnells, Howland and Aspinwall, while in transportation stood the giant figure of Commodore Vanderbilt. When Mr. Morgan consented to run it was hailed generally as a most patriotic thing that a man of such vast business should be willing to leave it and give to the people the benefit of his wonderful and demonstrated talent in affairs. The most popular men in the community were these Merchant Princes, because it was generally understood that they were developing with a rapidity and success, which no other people could, the resources of the country, adding to its enterprise and its employment and especially increasing its internal trade and foreign commerce. As one of the changes which have taken place in public sentiment since that time, no such man could now be elected Governor of the State of New York. If he did get the office he would not be complimented because of surrendering his private affairs to give his great experience and talent to the public service, but it would be said he had taken the office for the purpose of promoting the special interests. Now, such a man, instead of receiving legislative or executive honors, is more likely to be the recipient of the inquiries and attention of the Grand Jury or a Congressional Investigating Committee anxious to discover how much he has, where he got it and how.

I agree with Governor Sulzer that the careers of these old worthies are valuable subjects for study. After being associated with them, as I have, for nearly sixty years, however, as Presidents, Governors and Legislators, I differ with our friend in his view that they are models to be followed. I think rather their value to statesmen of the present day is to avoid their mistakes.



Silas Wright, the Governor's exemplar, was a great man. Horatio Seymour paid him this remarkable tribute:

"Mr. Wright was a great man, an honest man. If he committed errors they were induced by his devotion to his party. He was not selfish. To him his party was everything; himself nothing."

In our day when insurgency is so popular, this is not an epitaph which a progressive would want put upon his tombstone. And just here comes a suggestion of mistakes for our friend to avoid. Silas Wright might have been nominated for Vice-President in 1844, and would afterward have been President, but he was persuaded that he and no one else could carry the State of New York, and therefore he should give up the Presidency to run for Governor and save the party. He never got another chance.

When I was a member of the Legislature and Morgan was Governor, the House of the Assembly was a tie. As the law was in those days, each House had to nominate for United States Senator before the two Houses could go into joint session. The Senate was overwhelmingly Republican, so that in joint ballot a Republican Senator would be elected. I was the nominee of our party for Speaker, which was a great and greatly desired honor for a young man under thirty. A Democratic member offered to so vote that we could go into joint caucus if I would give up the Speakership and induce our party to elect him. Ten Democratic members offered to vote for me if I would stand. Friends of Governor Morgan, who wanted to be Senator, said, "Young man, if you make this sacrifice you will win the gratitude of the party and all its honors will be yours during all the coming years." I surrendered the Speakership to elect Morgan United States Senator. That night the reception given to me surpassed in cheers, flattery and champagne anything ever known at the Capitol. The next day nobody remembered what I had done, so, Governor, if you are elected for a second term the prestige of the great State of New York behind you makes you a wonderfully attractive candidate for the Presidential nomination in 1916. If, when the prize is within your grasp, the leaders gather around you and say that immortality is yours if you

pass it on to some one else, remember that the bird once loosed from your hand never returns, but mocks you from the bush.

It is reported that another of our Governors, whom you greatly admire, and who is in a way an example, was my old friend Tilden. My relations with him were most intimate and confidential. He discussed with me all those policies which made him a national figure before he promulgated them. Although I was on the platform for our own party, he revealed to me views about his own followers and his own purposes which would have ruined his political prospects if they had been told. I highly appreciated this confidence. He was the most patient of listeners, the most plodding of workers and the most procrastinating of statesmen. He would listen to an applicant for office or the signature of a bill with absorption, which indicated to the petitioner the certainty of success, and then one eye would drop on his cheek; his expression would be that so well known in the Egyptian Sphinx, and, in a sepulchral voice, he would say, "I will see you later." That later time never came. At the Governor's funeral there were more floral tributes than had ever been paid to a public man. Among them, from an unknown source, was a pillow in white flowers and upon it in large letters "S. Y. L."—"See you later." It indicated what this disappointed gentleman would do to the Governor if in the luck of accidents he happened to land in the same place in the next world where the Governor was.

Fenton and Hill were the greatest politicians we ever had in the Gubernatorial chair. Fenton created a party machine which lasted for ten years, and was only broken by General Grant as President giving the vast patronage which existed at that time into the hands of Senator Conkling. Governor Hill united the country behind him as against the city and was continued until he was wearied in the leadership of the State.

I remember as if it was yesterday Mr. Sulzer being pointed out to me as he was climbing the State Street Hill on the way to the Capitol when first elected a member of the Legislature twenty-five years ago. I saw at once that he felt that no one had ever received this honor before, or if they had it had not the same significance. I think the Governor will admit that was the proudest moment of his life. I know that is true of all

public men that the first honor gives them satisfaction which no subsequent ones afford, however great.

We all can honor the Governor because he refutes in his own person in such an emphatic and distinguished way the pessimism of the hour. From press and platform we hear constantly reiterated that because of our modern conditions there is no longer opportunity for the young men in civic life or in business. This idea has taken a singular hold upon the public mind, notwithstanding that there is no community so small that it does not have examples of men and of women who have overcome all obstacles and made careers. Our guest is a fine example of what is known as a self-made man. Without fortune, without powerful relatives, friends or associations, he has made his own way. He educated himself by his own exertions. He earned the money to keep him going while he studied law until he was admitted. Now, at his zenith, and still under fifty, he has been many times a member of our Legislature, Speaker of our House of Assembly, nearly twenty years in Congress, gaining there a national reputation, and, to-night, Governor of the Empire State.

He has been Governor a little over a month. In that period problems have been presented to him more acute than have met any Governor during the first four weeks of his term. He has been jammed in the subway, but I think he is safely out. Our friend, Mr. Murphy, pointed out to him his little graveyard in which are buried so many who have met with an untimely political death. A powerful and influential newspaper pointed out its graveyard and said to him, "We not only bury here those who disagree with us, but we inflict punishment after death." In inducing a distinguished, able and honored member of our Supreme Court to help solve this problem, the Governor seems to have justified the tact and ability which have carried him so far in his remarkable career. We have never known a time when the people wanted rapid transit as much as they do now or with such unanimity. The present battle, so far as I can understand, is who shall have the credit. People care nothing for technical distinctions if they delay something which they want. They do not stop to consider disputes about the pecuniary side of transactions

which involve their comfort and their health. They want what they want, and they want it now. The tired girl who has been in the shop all day wants a seat on her way home. The man of family, unable to get out of the tenement, wants the rapid transit that will carry him to purer air and better surroundings for his children. The whole mass of working men and women feel that additional subways and cheaper and more rapid and more comfortable methods of getting in and out to their places of labor means health, longevity and happiness for them and theirs, so this town wants this question settled immediately, and I believe that is the wish and purpose of our guest.

Governor, though we differ in politics, when political honors are due from a member of your party, I have always rejoiced that they came to you. I congratulate you upon your present high position, and you have my best wishes for your future.

**SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
as Chairman at the Pilgrims Society Luncheon  
to the Delegates from England, Belgium, Can-  
ada and Australia to Arrange for Celebrating  
1914, or 100 Years of Peace Between the United  
States and Great Britain, at the Waldorf-Astoria,  
May 5, 1913.

GENTLEMEN: It is a very pleasing duty which I have to perform here to-day. The Pilgrims Society was organized by the English and Americans in London, and the Americans and English in New York, for the purpose of promoting and perpetuating good relations and peace between the English-speaking peoples of the world. (Applause.)

We have, in the course of the decade during which we have existed, welcomed representative men of both countries, both in the capital of Great Britain and in New York City; but there never has been so significant an occasion connected with the purpose of this Society as that which calls us together to-day. (Applause.)

We are here to welcome and to greet with all the honors representatives of Great Britain who have crossed the ocean on the glorious mission of preparing, with their brethren of Canada and the other English possessions round the world, with the people of the United States, appropriate ceremonies for the celebration next year of one hundred years of peace between the English-speaking nations. (Great applause.)

It is somewhat dramatic that we meet here at this particular time, when the world was never so near a great conflict, and when the world was never so armed and in preparation for it. While continental nations are burdening themselves beyond all precedent in order to be ready for war, which the Prime Minister of Great Britain stated the other day we had just escaped, and which the press says we are on the eve of now, we, representing Great Britain and the United States, meet

in the midst of war alarms for peace and peace alone. (Hearty applause; cries of "Hear, hear!")

Now we have with us to-day also the representatives of the city in which this commission met. It is singular that the histories, whether they are written by English or American historians, give only a scant line to the meeting of these commissioners a century ago in this city of Ghent. When ages from now Macaulay's New Zealander, who was to stand on the broken arches of London Bridge and view the ruins of St. Paul, arrives home he will write a history of the world, and I venture to say that he will give more pages to the meeting of those Peace Commissioners at Ghent a century ago and its results than any other one in the million years which he discusses.

Why, my friends, that was a marvelous commission, and the names of two of those commissioners are still household words with us—John Quincy Adams, afterwards President of the United States, and Henry Clay, the most eloquent statesman and the most popular leader of his time. It is recorded in a few letters which are in existence that when they arrived in Ghent the Society of Arts and Sciences elected them members. Now, those statesmen knew mighty little about arts and sciences; old masters were not in fashion then and you could not have sold one or given one away in the United States under any condition. (Laughter.) But having elected them as members of the Arts and Sciences, the Society immediately gave them a dinner; and the city of Ghent, untrue to that impartiality which should belong to a referee, offered, through its Burgomaster, as the toast, "Success to the Americans in this Negotiation." (Laughter.) After the ceremonies and the discussions were completed and the treaty fully agreed to and signed by all the commissioners, then the American commissioners gave a dinner to the British commission. Now, there was this fortunate thing for the statesmen of that period. The British statesmen could not have praised Americans and been elected to anything, and the American statesmen, in the tone of public sentiment at that time, could never have praised Great Britain, with any hope of the future. But there were no cables and no reporters

(laughter), and the result is that this chronicler, only in a letter, says that never were such compliments paid by the British to America or by the Americans to the British. (Laughter.) John Quincy Adams broke loose from the icy surroundings of his New England culture and Puritan blood and grew warm on the subject, and Henry Clay was never so mellifluous, never so eloquent, never so grand in his eulogiums of the country from which we all sprang. But they were not reported.

There is a significance about that dinner; it was the first one which was ever held, in an international way, between Englishmen and Americans for the purpose of celebrating good will between the two peoples. Every dinner since then, and there has been a million of them, has been for that one purpose, and every speech that has been made since has been an echo of those speeches which were made a hundred years ago. (Applause.)

According to our judgment, the present causes of threatened war, which is to join in its conflagration all Europe and, possibly, all Asia, seem to be mighty small to us Americans, and I have no doubt mighty small to Englishmen, if I may use an optical illusion, with eyes which go around the globe.

But, my friends, while we have been at peace for one hundred years, we have not always been on the most amicable, friendly and loving terms; and we would have been a mighty poor lot and unworthy of our ancestry if we had been. (Applause.) There must, among virile people, arise many questions of difference, and those questions will come to the breaking point. Now, we haven't fought, though we have had plenty of causes to fight about during those hundred years, not because either of us was afraid nor because either of us didn't sometimes long for a fight. We have both of us fought for a sentiment; we have both of us fought on the drop of the hat; we have both of us fought because one of our citizens was insulted somewhere; we have both of us fought where we had no earthly interest, except to protect or to save or to rescue a people who were unduly oppressed. (Great applause.) Now, we came near fighting over the Northeastern Boundary,

but just as it came to the breaking point, the greatest intellect that we have ever had since Hamilton in American diplomacy or statesmanship, Webster, suggested the solution that Lord Ashburton approved. We came near fighting when both sides claimed the whole Pacific coast. The English suggested the 49th parallel, and the Americans said "No"; then the Americans suggested the 49th parallel to the English, and the English said "No"; others suggested several other parallels, and both sides said "No." Then Polk was elected on "54-40 or fight." And after Polk was elected he studied geography a little, and then he said to the representatives of Great Britain: "I was elected on 54-40 or fight, but how does 49 appear to you?" "Well," said the English Prime Minister, "it never occurred to me before, but it is just the thing." (Laughter.) Then in later times, when differences came to the breaking point, they were settled by the genius of John Hay and the brilliant diplomacy of Lord Pauncefote. (Applause.) In our own recent recollection every obstacle in the way has been removed by the diplomacy of our own Senator, Elihu Root, and Ambassador James Bryce. (Applause.)

I heard of a family which had two possessions it highly valued: one was a pet goat and the other a Persian rug a thousand years old, very fine and of brilliant color. The goat ate up the rug, and as a proper punishment he was carried by the family down to the track and tied on his back to one of the rails. Then the executioners awaited his proper punishment, but as the express train rounded the curve, the goat took in the situation, coughed up the rug, flagged the train and saved his life and the family heirloom. (Laughter.) Now, it has so happened that in every crisis during these one hundred years there were statesmen on both sides who could get into an agreement and flag the train of war before the collision occurred.

Now, if I may make—and sometimes we can do it yet—just the slightest kind of a classical allusion, it is said in history the gates of the Temple of Janus were closed only four times in two thousand years, and then only for a few months at a time. Our gates of the Temple of Janus, which holds the household Gods of English-speaking peoples, have been



closed over a century. The gates are rusted and the metal has fused. There never can be an open gate again through which the armies can march, or the machines of war can go to the ports for dreadnoughts of the navy. From now and forever more and especially when we have cemented peace by the celebration which is to come next year, peace will remain between the English-speaking peoples of the world, not only for their own advancement, but as an example for the civilization and humanity of the whole world. (Tremendous applause.)



Report of Speech Delivered on Board the Steamship  
"Kronprinzessin Cecilie" on Voyage from New  
York to Cherbourg, June 14, 1913, in Honor of  
the German Emperor's Jubilee.

Mr. Chauncey M. Depew Makes Striking Tribute to the  
German Emperor

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Herald*:

I was present at the concert given on the steamship *Kronprinzessin Cecilie* on June 14th, when Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, who acted as chairman, made an eloquent reference to the German Emperor's Jubilee, and I feel sure that the following report of Mr. Depew's speech may be of interest to you.

After highly complimenting Captain Polack and the management of the steamship, Mr. Depew said: "It seems most appropriate that on a German ship and under the German flag, on the eve of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the accession of the German Emperor to the throne, a tribute should be paid to this distinguished Sovereign.

"I was at Salzburg, in the Tyrol, a few years after the Franco-German War. Our little company was profoundly stirred by the arrival of the German Emperor, accompanied by his grandson, the present Kaiser. Though ill and of great age, the Emperor marched into the hotel and up the broad staircase unassisted and with the step of a veteran soldier. The Emperor rapidly recovered, and I had an opportunity to be near him and his grandson, the latter a superb-looking young man with an impressive personality. With two lives between him and succession, there seemed likely to be a long interval before he would reach the throne.

'DROPPING THE PILOT'

"A few years afterwards I was in London when the young Emperor had dispensed with the services of Bismarck. *Punch* had a cartoon called 'Dropping the Pilot.' The youth-

ful sovereign, pictured as a presumptuous boy, was looking over the lofty bulwarks of the battleship down to the rowboat carrying away his Chancellor. It was youthful audacity and self-confidence dismissing his most eminent and famous adviser at the critical moment in his career and taking the reins of Government into his own hands to inaugurate and carry on his own policies.

“The picture so well portrayed the opinions held in all the Chancelleries of Europe that one of the ablest and most distinguished statesmen of England purchased from *Punch* the original sketch, which was the best of the famous cartoons of Sir John Tenniel. It represented what European statesmen generally believed to be the future—trouble for Germany in her internal affairs and danger to the peace of Europe.

“The Emperor, during his reign, has gloriously refuted all these predictions. He has given to the German people the most beneficent quarter of a century in their history. He has fostered domestic industries by a protective tariff, which has given Germany its own market. He encouraged by every favor of Government the building of a merchant marine which carries the products of the Fatherland to every part of the world. He made an inland Empire not only the most formidable military power, but so enlarged its navy that it can protect its vast commerce and compete for supremacy on the seas.

#### STOPS EMIGRATION

“He stopped the vast emigration which was carrying the flower of German manhood and womanhood to enrich other lands, by providing remunerative industries at home and making his country one of the most highly organized, skilful and profitable national workshops ever known. The policies which have made a miracle in Germany in the last quarter of a century our people at home have decided to renounce. They are entering upon the experiment gaily and hilariously; we all hope their expectations will be realized.

“The Emperor’s diplomacy has gained everything his country demanded, and the magnitude and perfection of his military and naval power have protected German interests from assault

and kept neighboring states from entering upon the hazards of a conflict, which might be decided to their ruin or injury by the mailed hand of Germany.

“Speaking for the Americans who are passengers on this German ship, and, I believe, voicing the views of the American people, I extend to the Emperor our cordial congratulations and best wishes for the future.

“AN AMERICAN PASSENGER.”



**ADDRESS BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Formation of the Village of Ossining, State of New York, October 13, 1913.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Twenty-seven years ago I was in Heidelberg. The five hundredth anniversary of the founding of its famous university had just been celebrated with impressive ceremonies. The Emperor, the Grand Duke, the high officials of the Empire and distinguished professors and men of letters graced the occasion. For the visitor all that was left were the decorations in canvas and tinsel where in the ruins of the old castle had been recreated Germany of five centuries before. It was mainly the pomp, display and majesty of war. It was knights in armor and feudal banners which had been carried victoriously on many a battlefield. The lesson of the hour, as conveyed by these remnants of the banquet, was not of peace or of learning, but of the might of embattled royalty and nobility maintaining with their retainers the prestige of their government, their class and their institutions.

The centenary which we celebrate today in this simple way has an entirely different and more significant meaning. The pomp and circumstance and glories of war, the pageantry of feudalism and its class distinctions have no place here. The century which closes tonight has no equal in recorded history of the benefits which it has bestowed upon humanity. Every class and condition in life have been equally the beneficiaries of its marvelous achievements. More has been accomplished in charity, bestowed without favor, in all-embracing philanthropy, in invention and discovery, in conquests of the forces of nature and disciplining them to the service of man, and, in orderly liberty, than in all the cycles which have preceded.

When the University of Heidelberg was founded, the learned and the unlearned still regarded with awe the seven wonders of the world, which were repeated everywhere in the following lines:

The pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid;  
 Next Babylon's garden for Amytis made;  
 Then Mausolos's tomb of affection and guilt;  
 Fourth, the temple of Dian, in Ephesus built;  
 The colossus of Rhodes, cast in brass, to the sun;  
 Sixth, Jupiter's statue, by Phidias done;  
 The pharos of Egypt comes last, we are told,  
 Or the palace of Cyrus, cemented with gold.

But the wonders of this century are steam and its infinite application, unifying the world by railroads and steamships; electricity, belting the earth in instantaneous communication by the telegraph and cable and the wireless; the Suez Canal which united Western Europe with Asia, and the Panama Canal which will bind the North and South American Hemispheres in mutual interdependence and immensely productive, political and commercial relations and make the Pacific Ocean the highway of nations; the inventions and discoveries which have multiplied power so that production can take care of increasing populations better than ever before, and the advances in medicine and surgery which have found out the sources and removed the terrors of plagues, diseases and fractures which for ages have devastated and tortured mankind. Education has been popularized and brought within reach of all at the expense of the State with increasing liberty and opportunity. But the greatest wonder of all is the United States of America which has passed its one hundred and twenty-fifth year unchanged in its Constitution and institutions, a light for the guidance of other peoples and a home for millions who have been absorbed in its citizenship and assimilated to its ideas of liberty and civilization.

The story of the organization of this municipal corporation would be incomplete without a picture of the background which educated and prepared the people of this town one hundred years ago for the formation of a representative government. The name of the town and of the village both came from Indian sources. While a large number of the municipalities of our State are named after the cities of Greece and Rome, or the Gods of Ancient Mythology, this village and



township happily preserved the musical and appropriate nomenclature of its first inhabitants. The Six Nations of aboriginal Indians whose capital was in the Mohawk Valley, had the genius to discover, without outside aid or knowledge, the power of federated government. These tribes extended their power and exacted tribute from the extreme north down to the Gulf of Mexico and from the Atlantic Ocean to the Arctic Circle. The most powerful among these six tribes were the Mohigans whose habitat was along the Hudson. One family of them lived upon this spot, with their larger settlement Ossining and their smaller one Sing Sing. From these hills they saw the Half Moon anchor in Tappan Zee in 1609, and undoubtedly examined this strange craft with their canoes. They little dreamed that it was the forerunner of a stronger race which was to occupy their lands and before which they were to disappear.

Seventy-one years later Frederick Philipse, a successful New York merchant, was granted a patent by the British Crown permitting him to "freely buy" the district of country extending from Spuyten Duyvil Creek to the Croton River, where this great manor joined the manorial estate of the Van Cortlandts. When the Revolutionary War broke out the descendant of this Philipse cast his lot with the British while Van Cortlandt remained faithful to the patriot cause. At the close of the war the Philipse family fled to England. The estate was confiscated and purchased mainly by the tenants. Philipse purchased the property from the Indians for a miscellaneous and not very large collection of knives, guns, powder, lead, cloth, axes, wampum, and probably most attractive, two ankers of rum, an anker containing twelve gallons. The Indian had thus early acquired a taste for fire-water, which, more than the guns of the enemy, led to his extermination. And yet, at the sale of the confiscated estate in 1784, what now constitutes nearly the whole of northern Westchester, except the northern part of Cortlandt town, brought only forty-three thousand dollars.

This town was in the midst of what is famous in the story of the Revolutionary struggle as the neutral ground. The British Army was encamped in New York; the American

Army at Peekskill and the hills north, and this intermediate territory was raided by the scouting and foraging parties of both armies, but, worst of all, was subject to plundering bands of banditti, known as cowboys or skimmers who masqueraded, sometimes as loyalists and sometimes as revolutionists, but were always thieves.

Within few miles of here Andre was captured by Paulding, Williams and Van Wart. Had he succeeded in reaching New York with the papers in his possession, West Point would have fallen, the country would have been divided by the Hudson River and independence postponed for an indefinite period.

A most interesting book could be written on the trifling incidents which have led to mighty results. Two farmer's boys, one a white man and the other a negro, Sherwood and Peterson, were making cider on the Frost Estate about four miles north from this spot. They saw a boat put off from the Vulture which had brought Andre up to the meeting with Arnold, and saying, "Let's go down and take a shot at the Britishers," they hid in the bushes and fired at the boat with their flintlock muskets. A sailor was wounded and the boat returned to the British sloop of war. The noise of the firing attracted the attention of Colonel Livingston who, with his command, was stationed at Verplanck's Point. He applied for a large gun which Arnold refused. Then he sent a four-pounder, which was his best artillery to Teller's Point, which encloses your harbor, and that little gun compelled the sloop of war to raise anchor and drop down the Hudson. The musket shots of the two farmer's boys and the four-pounder on Teller's Point forced the land journey of Major Andre in an effort to regain his own lines, and then followed his capture, the flight of Arnold, the exposure of the plot and the salvation of the country.

There is another lesson in the tragedy of Andre, and that is, a military officer should always obey orders, and all persons in times of peril should find out about others without revealing themselves. General Clinton's orders to Andre were, not to go within the American Lines, not to conceal his uniform, not to carry any papers, but his adventurous spirit got the better of his written instructions and he was captured.

Paulding was a prisoner of war who had escaped to the home of a sympathizer near the prison. He purchased for him an old British uniform. When he was stopped, Andre saw the uniform, supposed it was one of his own people and betrayed his position as a British officer. Paulding said afterward that if Andre had said nothing except exhibit the pass which he had from General Arnold he would have let him go.

So little is known of the subsequent history of Benedict Arnold, except in a general way, that greater detail might appropriately be put on record on this occasion. The story is one of tragedy, of the loyal devotion of a devoted woman to a husband who was unworthy of her affection. He died without revealing whether she ever fully understood the infamy of his act. Arnold was an able, daring and tempestuous character without moral principle or self control. Washington made him the military commander of Philadelphia because his wound, received at Saratoga, unfitted him for the field. His extravagances led to a court martial. The court martial condemned him. Washington could not do otherwise than approve the findings of the court martial, and for that Arnold flew into a rage and opened communications with the British Commander. He was a military genius. He saw that West Point was the key to the situation, that there he could inflict the most telling blow and earn his reward. He asked for this command which Washington, who had unimpaired confidence in him, readily granted.

The last act of the unfortunate Major Andre before the British Army evacuated Philadelphia was to organize a tournament in which each knight had his lady, and his was the beautiful Peggy Shippen. The first thing that happened to General Arnold after he assumed command of Philadelphia was to meet Peggy Shippen and fall madly in love with her. The first act of Arnold when he had safely reached the Vulture was to write to General Washington begging him to be merciful to his wife, this same Peggy Shippen.

The character of Washington comes into relief in two instances of this period. While he made every effort to capture Arnold and to exchange Andre for him, yet with a tender and fatherly care he shielded Mrs. Arnold, had her conveyed

in safety to her father in Philadelphia, and subsequently permitted her to pass through the lines to join her husband in New York. The second was old General Putnam, who always self-reliant, egotistic and wrong-headed, had disobeyed an order. Washington's reprimand meant discipline and at the same time to save as far as possible the feelings of the old veteran, in writing a reproof he said: "My dear General, if anything goes wrong from my order, the blame is mine not yours."

Arnold, with his wife and two children at the close of the war went over on the same ship with Cornwallis. He and his wife were received with the greatest attention by the King and Queen, but society refused to recognize them. They were at every court function, and King George and Queen Charlotte put themselves out of the way to show them courtesy, but no one else went near them or received them. Life was a solitude in their home and no doors were opened to them. We have all felt in watching the doings of what is called society everywhere, whether at the Capitol or in the village, that it is governed by singular impulses in its recognition or rejection of new-comers.

The Earl of Lauderdale made a speech in Parliament attacking the Duke of Richmond, in which he said that he did not know of any instance of political apostasy equal to the Duke of Richmond's except General Arnold's, and that as the intended encampment was designed to overawe the Kingdom and the metropolis in particular and prevent a reform in Parliament, the Duke of Richmond was the most popular commander to command it, General Arnold being struck off the list. Arnold immediately challenged the Earl. He selected Lord Hawke as his second, while the Earl of Lauderdale chose the famous statesman Charles James Fox. They were to fire simultaneously. Arnold missed. The Earl refused to fire on the ground that he had no complaint against the General. Arnold sent for Fox, and said, "Tell your principal that unless he fires I will so insult him that he cannot help it or be disgraced," whereupon Lauderdale said he would apologize. The apology was accepted and Lauderdale then called upon Mrs. Arnold and apologized to her. Instantly society changed

toward the family. The street was filled with carriages, coats of arms emblazoned on their panels, cards showered in from the most eminent, and invitations were extended to functions in town and great houses in the country. The devoted wife wrote to her father as to her condition pending the duel: "What I suffered for near a week cannot be described. The suppression of my feelings lest I should unman the General almost proved too much for me, and for some hours my reason was despaired of."

Arnold who was anything but a good business man speedily lost the thirty thousand dollars he had received for his betrayal. Every venture and every speculation proved unfortunate. Queen Charlotte had settled on their arrival upon Peggy a pension of five hundred pounds a year and one hundred pounds for each child. This had to support them during the nearly twenty years before Arnold died. Peggy's letters to her father are most pathetic in describing, as the children came along, how increasingly difficult it was to "keep up appearances."

Arnold disappears from the historic stage with his famous meeting with Talleyrand at Falmouth on his last journey to the West Indies. Talleyrand was also at the inn. He had been expelled from France, England no longer wanted him and he was on his way to America. Learning that a distinguished American General was in the hotel, he introduced himself, asked many questions which Arnold curtly and evasively answered. Talleyrand, however, was too great a diplomatist to be put off by bad manners even from a man who seemed to be so unhappy as Arnold, so he asked for letters of introduction to people in the United States who might be useful to him. "No," said the stranger, "that I cannot do. I am perhaps the only American who cannot give you letters to his own country. The ties which bound me are broken. I can never go back. I am Benedict Arnold." With that Arnold, with bowed head, quitted the room.

One of the most pathetic illustrations and inheritance for vengeance for treason, and its unforgetfulness and unforgiveness, was illustrated in a letter written by Mr. Shippen, then Chief Justice of Pennsylvania, to his daughter, Mrs. Arnold,

many years after she had settled in London. She had asked him if after this long absence she might not visit her old home and put her sons at an American school. The Chief Justice answered, "You had better not come, because the boys at school will make your children very uncomfortable."

The shadow of the disgrace of their father followed the children. They were fine boys and a beautiful girl resembling her mother, and did their best. Of course, the British Government aided them to positions. The eldest went to India and became distinguished as a civilian. George and James entered the military service and were both killed in the Peninsular War. At the storming of Surinam a forlorn hope was to be led against the fort. James at once applied to the Colonel for permission to lead it because he said "he knew that his father was held a failure at his duty and he desired to do the best he could to redeem his name." His wish was granted, the fort was taken, but James was unharmed. Years later in the wars against Napoleon he died as he had wished, a soldier's death in Spain.

It is the foible of every generation to think their problems more serious than those which were presented to the people of any other period. We are entering upon an industrial experiment amid the jubilant shouts of the authors of the new tariff, and are facing a currency crisis under the equally jubilant prophesies of the victors. According to our standards, we are happy or unhappy, hopeful or hopeless. Our brilliant, most original and most distinguished citizen, Colonel Roosevelt sails away, firing a broadside which echoes over the land on behalf of what he calls reforms and those who disagree with him call revolution. But we are living in calm political and social conditions so great that they cannot be compared with the troublous times which existed when this village was organized on October 13, 1813. The bitterness of the Revolutionary War was still acute. The memories of outrages committed in this neutral ground by neighbors upon neighbors were still fresh. Paulding, Williams and Van Wort, the captors of Andre, were alive. Paulding died five years later and was buried in the old Van Cortlandtville Cemetery at Peekskill. Isaac Van Wort died ten years later, and was buried

in the old Greenburg Churchyard near Elmsford. Daniel Williams died in Schoharie County eighteen years later, and was buried in the old stone fort at Schoharie Court House.

The general upheaval in National politics in 1813 and 1814 made Henry Clay Speaker of the House of Representatives, and brought Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun into public life as Members of Congress. These three statesmen became the famed triumvirate who moulded and controlled the domestic and foreign policies of the United States for the next forty years.

An illustration of the survival of the bitterness of those times, even in another generation, is the advice given to me by my father when I commenced the practice of the law in this county in 1858. His father had been a soldier in the Revolutionary Army, and his grandfather had spent the family patrimony in raising a company for the same army. He named five families all well-known in Westchester, and said, "My son, never have any financial dealings with those people. Never accept one of them as a client. Never believe one of them as a witness. If they appear on a jury, challenge them peremptorily, for their fathers were Tories or Skinners in the Revolution.

But in 1813, Patriots, Tories and Skinners were among the population of Ossining. They all joined in the formation of this corporation. Beyond these borders the world was in agitation and trouble to an almost unparalleled degree. Napoleon's invasion of Russia had been a failure, and his army of a million of men annihilated. The allies were marching upon Paris and his abdication and retirement to Elba were imminent. War had been declared against Great Britain by Madison, and there were no obstructions in the way of forts or mines or modern appliances to prevent the British fleets coming up the Hudson, or going, as they did, up the Potomac. Political partisanship was never more intense. The leaders of the combatants were most picturesque figures in our State history. Daniel D. Tompkins, a native of Scarsdale, a few miles east of here, twice Governor of the State and Vice President of the United States, leading the one side, and DeWitt Clinton the other. Tompkins raised forty thousand men for

the defense of New York's frontier, and to secure the money for the purpose pledged his own property and indorsed the notes of the State. Clinton represented the anti-war party, and most of the leading citizens of our County sympathized with him and joined in the great meeting in New York to protest. The bitterness against Great Britain growing out of the Revolutionary War was still intense, as was also the sympathy and friendship for France. Our people were almost unanimously with Napoleon in his tremendous conflict, though under his embargoes and orders twice as many ships were seized and destroyed, and twice as much property sold or burned as by the English, nevertheless we were hot-footed for war with England, while we forgave Napoleon. Posterity, however, justifies that war. With our race no man can hope for popularity in public life who opposes a war after it has begun. The most eminent men in New England and the most eminent sons of Massachusetts and Connecticut were driven into obscurity because they were members of the Hartford Convention which was a protest against the continuance of the struggle and a demand for peace. Madison received, as against DeWitt Clinton, the votes of nearly two-thirds of the electoral college because he was pledged to declare war. Clinton resigned from the United States Senate to become Mayor of New York. At that time the Chief Magistracy of our metropolis was regarded as the higher honor. Times have changed. The Mayor of New York had almost unlimited powers. He was Chief Magistrate at the head of every department, and possessed judicial functions. He could hold any other office, for Clinton was at the same time Lieutenant Governor of the State.

It was about the time of the formation of this village corporation that DeWitt Clinton, having personally made the surveys, started the project of the Erie Canal. Tompkins arrayed himself on the other side, and the question became political. Clinton was driven from public life, but in 1817 returned as Governor of the State, and carried his great project into execution. He was driven again from public life, but the people called him once more to the Chief Magistracy, when he completed the work. He had the good fortune, which



comes to few originators, of participating in the triumph of its completion. He carried the waters of Lake Erie through the canal to the Hudson, and down the Hudson until he had poured them into the Atlantic Ocean. He gave to his State the highway to the west, which was the outlet for an interior empire which created States, cities, villages and industries which made the City of New York the metropolis of the Western Hemisphere, and made his State the Empire State of the Union.

An echo of those distant times which shows how history often repeats itself were these lines of a song that was sung before Clinton was elected:

“Oh a ditch he would dig from the lakes to the sea,  
The eighth of the world’s matchless wonders to be.  
Good land, how absurd! But why should you grin?  
It will do to bury this mad author within.”

After his election his friends sang this song:

“DeWitt Clinton is dead, St. Tammany said,  
“And all the papooses with laughter were weeping.  
But Clinton arose and confounded his foes,  
The cunning old fox had only been sleeping.”

It is the glory of Daniel D. Tompkins that in co-operation with that most distinguished citizen of our County of his time, Chief Justice John Jay, he passed the law under which, giving ten years to the owners to adjust themselves to the new conditions, slavery should be abolished in the State of New York.

According to some of our political philosophers, your fathers sadly misunderstood the true principles of Democracy. They had been living and exercising here for a generation pure democracy of which we hear so much. They had that ideal of direct government, the town meeting, and yet by a unanimous vote they decided to establish representative government. Six years before Fulton’s invention, the first steamboat, the Clermont, had carried passengers from New York to Albany and return, and the success of the undertakings had revolution-

ized the transportation system upon the Hudson River. The farming country back to the Connecticut line was pouring in here with its products to be carried to New York, and the stores were securing from the city the supplies for this rural population. Docks and piers and wharves were required. Streets were to be laid out with some degree of uniformity. Public improvements were to be planned. An educational system was to be adopted. Mount Pleasant Academy, one of the first, and afterward one of the most famous in the State, was built the next year. From this beginning came other institutions of learning, until Ossining had a nation-wide reputation for the number and excellence of its schools. Those old-fashioned people decided that the preacher and the merchant, the lawyer and the farmer, the doctor and the mechanic, all intent upon earning a living and their energies absorbed in their own career, could not, by assembling in the public square and in open meeting, decide on the moment upon the harmonious creation and execution of all these enterprises. So they resolved to form the corporation of this village and delegate to their chosen representatives, the President, the Board of Trustees, the Highway Commissioner, the Police, the Justice of the Peace, the carrying out of their will. The prosperity of this town from that day to this, the fact that there has never been a single voice raised to return to the old town meeting system, is the emphatic verdict of one hundred years of experience for representative government.

Permit me to tell of two experiences of my own connected with your village. About fifty years ago I delivered an address before the Westchester County Bible Society. Among those in attendance was the Reverend Doctor Phraner, for a half century pastor of one of your churches, and who passed away recently venerable and universally respected in his ninety-odd years of age. Some time after the meeting of the Bible Society he called upon me at my home in Peekskill and suggested that as a young lawyer I should move to Sing Sing and make it my home. The reason he gave was that the local lawyers were a bad lot. I knew those local lawyers, and several of them, especially the late Francis Larkin, were very able and very honorable members of the bar.

When I first ran for the Lower House of our New York Legislature fifty-two years ago, I was told that unless I secured the support of one of your most active citizens, an eccentric and successful man, I could not be elected. I addressed a meeting in the public square, and afterward this gentleman insisted upon adjourning to the American House for refreshments. At that time temperance was unknown. It was an insult to refuse a drink. Most of the public men whom I met in the Legislature died from alcoholism. I had very decided notions for my own future on this question, but at the same time I could not afford to offend this prominent politician. So I arranged with the bartender to give me mint juleps, innocent of anything but water and mint, while my host indulged in his favorite whiskey. At midnight I had defied microbes and germs by swallowing about a gallon of Sing Sing water, and he about the same quantity of Sing Sing whiskey. He stumped the district afterward for me both times I ran, declaring everywhere that I had a great future before me because I was a second Daniel Webster and had the strongest head in the State of New York.

The inspiration of the young people of Westchester in every generation has been the distinguished men who have honored its history. Of the Revolutionary period few in our country were as eminent as John Jay, the first Chief Justice of the United States, and the diplomat who negotiated our first treaty with Great Britain which secured to our country inestimable benefits, and the picturesque Gouverneur Morris, soldier, diplomat, man of letters and wit, and the friend of Washington. It was in his little cottage at Fordham that Edgar Allen Poe wrote "Annabel Lee" and "The Bells," near him Rodman Drake sang of the flag and its significance, and Woodworth gave to the world that never-to-be-forgotten ballad "The Old Oaken Bucket." Fenimore Cooper, at his home in Mamaroneck, failed in his first essay in literature, but while visiting the venerable John Jay at his home in Bedford he heard the story of Enoch Crosby, the spy of the Revolution. No more resourceful, daring and courageous gatherer of secret information at daily peril of his life from the officers of both armies ever lived than Enoch Crosby. He had the entire confidence of

General Washington, but necessarily could not have that of others, and was often in more danger that he would be caught with the loyalists whom he had betrayed from our own troops than from the enemy. He enlisted in the Continental Army about the time of the Battle of Lexington, and filed with Washington only one request when he undertook the dangerous task of a spy, that if caught and executed his name should be vindicated. His exploits were so remarkable, his escapes so marvelous, his accomplishments so miraculous that it only needed the touch of genius to picture the facts to make a story of absorbing interest. James Fenimore Cooper's genius was equal to the task. The "Spy" made his reputation immediately, and he became one of the foremost of American authors. Cooper, you remember, calls Crosby in the novel *Harvey Birch*. Crosby resided in the village, and his son lived and died here.

Washington Irving lived for thirty years your neighbor at Sunnyside, and there wrote his immortal life of General Washington. The suggestion and the inspiration came because he had never forgotten that as a little boy Washington had placed his hand on his head with a cheerful salute, and that at Sunnyside and at Wolfert's Roost he was surrounded by the atmosphere of Washington's achievements.

Close by was White Plains, Washington's first great battle, and Dobbs Ferry, where Washington and Rochambeau met and organized the Yorktown campaign which ended the war, and where the army encamped at the close of the war prior to its triumphal entry into New York upon its evacuation by the British.

Above him was Verplanck's Point, where Washington and Rochambeau, after the declaration of peace, gave a final review of their two armies, and Rochambeau, noting the wonderful improvement of the American troops since he first saw them, said to Washington, "Your army looks like an army of Prussians," at that time the highest compliment a military man could convey, for it meant the veterans of Frederick the Great.

Irving had redeemed American literature from the reproach of the Edinburgh reviewer contained in the question, "Who reads an American book?" But he did more for our neighborhood in peopling its shores by the legend of Sleepy

Hollow, and the sleep of Rip Van Winkle, and the Voyages of the Dutch Navigators on the Hudson, so that while we have not the legends of the Rhine, we have beautiful tales of love, adventure, domestic felicity and infelicity, with some of the mysterious and the supernatural, to add to the incomparable physical beauties of our Hudson River.

Among the successful men of this town were Admiral Worden who, in command of the *Monitor* in the battle of Chesapeake Bay, ended the naval power of the Confederacy. Darius Ogden Mills, who became one of the founders of the State of California, and John T. Hoffman, Governor of our State.

An incident too trivial to find a place in the pages of the sober histories is nevertheless a tradition of sufficient local interest to be recorded. The Count de Rochambeau, when he received orders from home to take his army to Newport and embark for the West Indies, was encamped on the Crumpond Road, a few miles to the north. As he was mounted and about to march, surrounded by his brilliant staff, and followed by his army of six thousand veterans, a constable stepped up and said, "Sir, you are under arrest." "What for?" said the astonished hero of many battlefields in Europe and of glorious achievement in America. "Because," said the constable, "your soldiers have used an orchard for firewood, and the owner has sworn out a warrant against you as an absconding debtor." The monumental and colossal audacity of the situation touched the French humor of the Count and he inquired how great was the demand. The answer was "Three thousand dollars in gold," which was more than any entire farm was worth in that neighborhood at that period, when it took one thousand dollars of Continental currency to buy a pair of boots. However, the Count left a thousand dollars, the issue to be decided by the court, and the damage was ultimately assessed by the man's neighbors at four hundred dollars.

De Tocqueville who, next to James Bryce, is the only foreigner who ever understood and eloquently wrote about our institutions. Standing on the heights in the rear of this village, and gazing upon the Hudson, he said, "I must except

the Bay of Naples because of the opinion of the civilized world, but with that exception the world has no such scenery."

It was a happy incident and a wonderful foresight which located your village on the site of this encampment of the Mohegan Indians. We who were born along this river may travel all over the world, may admit the beauty or the grandeur of other spots famed for their picturesqueness and beauty, but we return to the Hudson convinced that it has no superior, and doubtful if it has any equal. The four-pounder which from Teller's Point was so instrumental in saving American independence has on every Fourth of July from the square in your village been an added inspiration to patriotism and good citizenship. It sent forth at the beginning of the Civil War as gallant a company as fought on either side during that memorable struggle. The year after the formation of the corporation of your village the War of 1812 between the United State and Great Britain was brought to a close by the Treaty of Ghent. Next year will be celebrated one hundred years of peace between the mother country and ours. In the meantime these two English-speaking people have grown to a dominant influence in the affairs of the world and in the advancement of its civilization and liberties. This one hundred years of peace has been of benefits so incalculable that they can only be imagined, they cannot be adequately portrayed. You, in common with all the world in your century so coincident with this one hundred years of peace, have been conspicuously the participants of its blessings. I devoutly hope that continuing prosperity may mark each succeeding one hundredth birthday of your town, and that the five hundredth may have a civic celebration which will be of as great general interest to our country as the five hundredth of Heidelberg was to Germany.

**SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the Dinner Given by the Lotos Club, Saturday Evening, October 25, 1913, to His Serene Highness, Prince Albert of Monaco.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: For about half a century this club has been entertaining men of eminence in every department of endeavor. It loves to decorate achievement. Those distinguished in literature, in journalism, in art upon the dramatic and the lyric stage, by invention or discovery, have received our welcome, and also the accidents of politics, like Presidents and Governors.

This is the first time that we have been honored by the presence of a reigning sovereign. It is not on account of his hereditary rank that we are glad to see him, but because he is much more than a reigning sovereign—a scientist of world-wide fame and an inventor and discoverer. The learned societies of many capitals have paid him high compliments, elected him to their membership. As a yachtsman he appeals to our sporting sense. Our people gained a fondness for the sea when one hundred men, women and children braved its dangers and sought its safety on the *Mayflower* of seventy tons in 1620. True to their ideals, they have reached in less than three hundred years over ninety millions, the conquest of a continent and one of the world powers of the globe. This mastery of the sea was with John Paul Jones, the founder of our Navy, and subsequently with our clipper ships which were the despair of maritime nations. When unwise partisan legislation took our mercantile marine off the ocean and banished our flag from the ports of the world, our sporting spirit kept alive the spirit of the seas through our yachts, bringing over in their first contest the International Cup and keeping it since against all competitors.

Still, it is not as a yachtsman that we welcome the Prince. It is because of the wonderful things he does with his yacht. Poets have sung through all the ages of the music of the spheres. It became a fixed tradition that the myriad stars in

the Milky Way, and other myriad stars in other milky ways, again and again filling the immeasurable universe, were held in their places as suns, and revolving in their orbits, because of the music of the spheres.

But now the American admiral in midocean lifts his cap as there comes from the air the strain of "The Star Spangled Banner"; the English admiral bares his head as there comes to him the music of "God Save the King," while the German pays his tribute to "The Watch on the Rhine." There, in calm or in storm, these patriotic airs come to those naval officers' ears from an invisible choir. We cannot explore, we are unable to explain, the mastery of the music of the spheres, but these national anthems, flowing on the waves of the air, are sent forth by an invention of the Prince from the deck of his yacht through a wireless telephone. Statesmen of all countries, while preaching peace, are working with feverish haste to enlarge the size and increase the number of their dreadnoughts and to stimulate inventive genius to discover new elements of destruction. Perhaps there may be here a potent agency for universal peace. It may be that with these great fleets listening to the invisible choir, giving them interchangeably each other's inspiration of their national anthems, that the harmony which conquers wild beasts and leads them to follow the player, may first temper and then allay the passions for war.

The wireless machinery of the Prince's yacht is so powerful that it keeps him always in touch with one continent or the other. His own inventive mind has added many things to its usefulness. We live in an age of wonders. They are so common that they have ceased either to excite our admiration or stir our blood. It is a rare event that makes men or women now rise up and take notice, but the records of time may be searched and nowhere can be found any event which so touches the human heart and so stirs the imagination as the rescue of the passengers of the unfortunate *Volturno*. But for the wireless, it would have been another of those tragedies of the sea which are never accounted for and whose victims are never heard from. The hero of the hour is the wireless operator who, without exception, stands by his post until the last



moment, and, with the captain, is the last to leave the ship. The cries of seven hundred human beings concentrated in these electric waves went north, south, east and west. They reached the Englishman, one hundred miles distant, and the German, one hundred and twenty-five, and the Frenchman, one hundred and fifty, and with doubled speed all altered their courses and flew to the rescue. The oil tank steamer, also illustrating modern invention, arrived to throw upon the mountain waves the calming influence of oil.

When future generations look back to this age, this instance will stand out conspicuously among its many marvels, and when the heroes of this age take their niches in the temple of fame, one of the highest will be occupied by the statue of Marconi.

All the scientific talent of the Middle Ages was devoted to turning the baser metals into gold. Alchemy, with its one purpose to discover gold, was the pursuit and the bane of genius. This age has learned much easier methods of securing gold. It is not by finding it in the results of the retort and the laboratory, nor in the hazards and accidents of gold mining, but it is by possessing that talent for organization which controls the necessaries of life. The Trusts have done much to accumulate gold for a few, but there arises now and then a special master of men and of markets who, with no other advantages than are possessed by his neighbors, becomes supreme by the possession of the talent for acquisition of the precious metal. A conspicuous example came to our people and to the world by the death of the merchant Altman. With the same tools, under the same laws, and with equal opportunities of his neighbors and competitors during his life, he nevertheless leaves his vast business to those who have been his associates, and to the city in which he had his opportunity a priceless gift of unequalled and unsurpassed works of art for the education of succeeding generations until the end of time.

The scientific mind of our day, however, is devoted entirely to the benefit and uplifting of the human race. It abandons the fields for gain and enters the laboratories in the research work which is minimizing the dangers of disease and

extirpating the perils of plagues. It is risking life in adventure to probe the secrets and reduce still further to the service of mankind the sea and the air. It is in this field that our guest has won his chief distinction. His yacht is his home, a pleasure boat and a laboratory. He has found things about currents and tides which are of great value to the navigator. He has dropped his search line five miles into the ocean, and biologists in all countries have learned by his discoveries. He has found that there are living creatures in these vast depths which bear a pressure of the water above them beyond the weight of the Washington Monument or of Westminster Abbey. They relieve this easily borne pressure for new fields by rising gradually until a million tons becomes a thousand, and a thousand becomes a hundred, then there is no pressure at all on the surface. But the explorations from the yacht have demonstrated that when these living organisms are pulled suddenly to the surface they die from the want of pressure. That is a brand-new discovery. Our graveyards are filled with those who died from too much pressure. Pressure on the brain from overwork, pressure upon overloaded stomachs, pressure upon overcharged kidneys, pressure from worry and anxiety and from overstrained nerves keep the undertaker busy and furnish the grave digger with his living. So, it is a pleasure to learn that there are living things in this world who die for want of pressure. The example seems to enforce the old-fashioned lesson of moderation; not too much pressure to kill, not too little to take away ambition, but just enough pressure for success and longevity.

This lengthened line has contributed another blow to our most cherished beliefs. This line of the poet has always been a favorite: "Full many a gem of purest ray serene, the dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear." The Prince has fathomed those caves. There are no gems of purest ray there. This beautiful and hopeful creation of the imagination takes its place under practical examination with the silver lining of the clouds. We all know the story of the two busted speculators who used their last money to buy a balloon, equipped it with the proper instruments and rose above the clouds to corner the silver.

The people are always interested in the sports of their rulers. They delight to know that the King, or the Prince, or the President plays. They are mighty curious to know how he does it. The race course is said to be the sport of kings, and so it is. Every crowned head in Europe goes with his family to the races, and if you are in Paris on a certain day in June, you will see the President of the Republic in his State Coach, with outriders and an escort of cavalry, going on Sunday morning to the Grand Prix. The great race of England is the Derby. But our Presidents cannot indulge in this sport of Kings and French Presidents because the only official who is conspicuous upon our race course is the sheriff. King Edward won the Derby. King George is the best shot on the grouse moors in Great Britain. He escapes from appeals which may be made to him from David Lloyd George, John Redmond or Sir Edward Carson to use or not to use the veto power by rejoicing in his prowess in phenomenal bags of birds. The Czar and the Kaiser chase the deer through the forests, while the King of Italy, reviving as he is constantly doing with the applause of his people the prestige and power of Ancient Rome, renews the life in his Virgil and Horace, by chasing the wild boar over the hills.

The only sport which seems to be reserved for our Presidents is golf. Having watched them at golf, I think I see the reason for it. When the President, after an hour of unsuccessful struggle with the Senators and Members of Congress of his party to make them follow his lead, is stripped for the fray and has the weapon in his hand and sees the little ball on the ground, that ball grows to the size of a Senator. When he swats it, he takes a mental satisfaction in the discipline. When he puts in the hole, he says, "Mr. Senator from New York, I reckon you will now support my currency suggestions."

Pessimists are always despairing of the Republic. There is, however, no reason for this. We have both patriots among our people who are generally right though sometimes mistaken and efficient public servants. An incident, which occurred to a friend of mine when he recently landed from Europe, proves this efficiency. He brought with him a large number of

pheasants he had shot in England. As game birds, they are admissible under the law; as plumage, prohibited by the new tariff. The genius of the inspectors was equal to the occasion. They sat down on the dock, plucked the feathers, threw them into the harbor and then delivered the game.

The late Governor Woodruff was a member of this club. He was one of the most genial, most lovable and most capable men in either social or political life. Truly of him it may be said, "None knew him but to love him." He had a camp in the Adirondacks, called "Kill Kare." He loved to entertain statesmen there by the score. At the other end of the lake he had two bears chained to a rock. They were trained to entertain the statesmen. He knew that to kill a bear was a distinction highly prized by a Governor. These bears were trained so that, with their acute wild hearing and sight, the moment the gun flashed they dropped. I think they survived several years, contributing to the hunting stories of the amateur sportsmen.

I reject with scorn the suggestion that Buffalo Bill had for his distinguished guest, the Prince, a trained grizzly bear. I am sure that the Prince was so fine a sportsman that his unerring aim brought down his grizzly.

Well, gentlemen, we hope that this sportsman, scientist, inventor, explorer, discoverer and true democrat, will continue his beneficent career and round out, as long as he wishes, life after his century has closed.

**SPEECH BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the Annual Dinner of the St. Nicholas  
Society of New York at Delmonico's, December  
6, 1913.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ST. NICHOLAS SOCIETY: It gives me great pleasure to be once more with my brethren of St. Nicholas. During the almost half century that I have been a member, I can recall very few occasions when there were so many acute questions agitating the public mind. As a rule neither politics nor religion are permitted on our festive occasions.

We meet to celebrate the virtues of our ancestors, to congratulate them upon what they did for humanity in imperishable principles which have survived all the ages, and upon their good judgment in selecting New York as the place to which they would carry their brains, their faith, their enterprise and their integrity. We congratulate ourselves that we had such intelligent, far-seeing and admirable forebears.

During the stress and anxieties of the Civil War we departed frequently from our custom to consider, because we could not help it, questions which so nearly affected our country, ourselves and our posterity. If serious topics are to be considered, there is among the descendants of the Dutch a broader-minded and more charitable platform than can be found anywhere else.

New York is famous for the societies organized by the different nationalities which constitute its cosmopolitan population, and all of them have for their main purpose keeping alive the traditions of the Fatherland, but incidentally they are charitable organizations with large funds. Those funds are constantly called upon to meet the necessities of newly arrived or shipwrecked members of their race. It is a fine tribute to the strength of the old Holland stock that the thrift, which made them in the middle ages the merchants and bankers of the world, has descended so unimpaired to us that, while we also have a charitable fund, there are no applicants for its benefits and there are no beneficiaries charged upon it.

In the darkness of the middle ages Holland was the beacon light for civil and religious liberty. All around was intellectual darkness and religious bigotry and persecution, but the Protestant, the Catholic and the Jew, fleeing from persecution, found hospitality in Holland. There they could exercise their faith with independence and liberty so long as they did not interfere with the liberty of others. It was this asylum, protecting the bigoted and narrow-minded Puritans fleeing from England, that transformed them in little more than ten years into that broad-minded and liberty-loving little band of Pilgrims, which, in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, formed the constitution upon which rests our institutions.

It is an interesting fact that after the people of Leyden were relieved from the siege, during which they had endured with wonderful courage untold privations and sufferings, when they were asked what reward they desired as a monument to their loyalty and patriotism, their answer was, "Give us a university." That university is still one of the best seats of learning there is in the world. The results of this liberal mindedness was that the Hollanders gave in that dark age to literature and law Erasmus, Grotius and others whose books are living lessons to-day, and to art Rubens, Rembrandt, Paul Potter and other immortals, whose works now command prices which in the aggregate would be almost equal to the assessed value of the entire property of Holland. I sometimes wonder what Rembrandt and Rubens in the other world must say to each other when they find the pictures which yielded them about one hundred dollars, or at the most four hundred a piece, are bought by American collectors for five hundred thousand dollars, a sum so vast as compared with the money values in times in which they lived and the figures with which they were familiar that it is possible that even as spirits they are not able to grasp them.

I believe that it is impossible in any gathering now to avoid a word upon current conditions; they are too novel and have a future so full of hope or peril, that we cannot help expressing our thoughts. In my college days at Yale, New England clergymen were never permitted to mention politics in their sermons, but on Thanksgiving Day the pent-up pas-

sions of the year were given free and unrestrained expression. One of the greatest preachers in New England of that period was the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon of the Center Church, New Haven. He was a great theologian, but nature had built him for a statesman. He was an intense abolitionist while his congregation was composed mostly of the rich merchants and manufacturers who were selling their goods to Southern slaveholders, so the iniquities of slavery were tabooed and their consciences were closed by the weight of their pocketbooks. On Thanksgiving Day Dr. Bacon had his opportunity; he scarified these commercial Christians with words of living fire, he endeavored to reach their consciences, or, if they had none, to implant some in them; he drew pictures of the horrors of slavery which have never been equalled, he lashed the sinners in a vain effort to drive them to the performance of their Christian patriotic and civic duties. Such an effort on the part of Dr. Bacon on any other Sunday would have led to his immediate dismissal from the church, but in the freedom of Thanksgiving Day these sinners listened, went home, gorged themselves with the enormous amount of the good things which make a Thanksgiving dinner and then complacently patting their stomachs remarked to one another, "The Doctor was never so fine as to-day."

Suppose this is our Thanksgiving Day, though I am far from being Dr. Bacon. We have just had in our city the most remarkable election in recent times; it seems to indicate a revival of civic duty and interest in public affairs among all our citizens, which promises good government for all the future. The press and the people are predicting that this is the end of Tammany Hall, and there is an open revolt within the walls of that ancient organization which threatens its disruption. Much as we would like such an event to come about, I warn you, as the result of my long experience in politics, covering a period greater than most of you have lived, that this end of Tammany will not occur. An organization, which has lasted so long and is so deeply embedded in our civic life, cannot be put out of business in one election. Recently I had occasion, in preparing an historical address, to look into the conditions prevailing in our city a hundred years ago. I

found that DeWitt Clinton was running for Governor, and the issue was, should the Erie Canal be built or not? Clinton stood for the construction of the canal; that great waterway, opening as it did the Great Lakes to the ocean, was one of the main factors in settling the West and Northwest, in making New York the Empire State and our City the Metropolis of the continent.

Tammany of that day, a century ago, went to Clinton and wanted to know if he would give them the contracts for the construction of the canal. He positively refused and announced that they would be given impartially to the highest bidders and the construction supervised by State officials. Tammany thereupon decided against Clinton and especially against the extravagance of this project, shouting that it would bankrupt the State and be of no benefit. Clinton was triumphantly elected and the Erie Canal constructed. Everybody at that time joyously predicted the fall of Tammany Hall and its final disruption. A large number of its membership left and joined in the general condemnation. One hundred years have passed during which Tammany has had many crises, some defeats and many victories, but it is still in the ring. The reason is in our human nature. People love to fight in a compact and militant organization. There are still thousand upon thousands who would rather take their chances of sharing in "honest graft" than join in an effort to make it impossible.

There is a singular indifference to the manner in which public moneys are spent and that indifference enables the contractor to have his opportunity. So long as the contractor can control party leaders and the organization, and the party organization can control public officers who give the contracts and the inspectors who supervise their performance, so long we will have the contractors generally successful, so long we will have the millions of dollars voted for good roads, which ought to be permanent and whose benefits are incalculable, squandered upon mud substitutes which disappear with the rains, the snows and the frosts.

We are again, for the few times fortunately in our history, having an acute crisis in our neighboring republic of



Mexico. When there is danger of our country being involved in war, it is the duty of the good citizen to support the President. In the patriotism, good intentions and high intelligence of Mr. Wilson we all have confidence. His declaration, that so long as he can prevent it there will be no armed intervention and, therefore, no bloody war, is heartily approved, but his view of the duty of the United States in the Mexican crisis is certainly novel and questionable. It is that our Government will not recognize Huerta as President and that Huerta must not be a candidate for re-election, and that if he is re-elected, we will still refuse to recognize him as President of Mexico. This is a curious position and we wonder where the authority is for the President of one Republic to say to the President of another that he must get out and that he cannot be reinstated even by the people.

I have a friend, a very intelligent man, who has lived for twenty years in Mexico. He writes me, "All my interests, business and accumulations are in this country, my family is here, my children have grown up here, I have no place in the United States, and here I must remain. Under the provisions of the Mexican constitution, if the President and the Vice-President resign or die, the Mexican Congress elects a provisional President who holds office until the next election. The present Congress was elected with Madero and is, therefore, legitimately in office; it has with unanimity elected Huerta provisional President; his title, therefore, is constitutional and legal. On this account every other nation in the world, except the United States, has recognized the President and his government. The failure of the United States to do so, and especially the declaration that he must resign or the government will never be recognized, has had most disastrous results. It has started up marauding bands of banditti all over the country, who say that under this attitude of the United States the Monroe doctrine will protect them from foreign intervention and that the sympathies of the American Government will be with them rather than with the legitimate government of the country. This attitude of the United States has wrecked the credit of Mexico so that she cannot borrow money to meet her obligations or enforce the laws. If the United States

had recognized Huerta, as all other governments did," this gentleman says, "that Huerta, who is a trained soldier and a strong man, would within three months have dispersed the bandits, restored peace, order and law and protection for lives and property throughout the Republic," but now, he thinks, the result will be chaos. The attitude of our President is called "watchful waiting"; it seems to be rather an adoption of Christian Science methods. I believe that the faith inculcated by Christian Science healers in many instances and upon many temperaments is eminently successful, but its efficacy on a nation of sixteen millions of people, only three millions of whom can read or write is at least an interesting experiment.

There has been much criticism of the diplomatic appointments of this administration. I have been familiar with all of our Ministers and Ambassadors to Great Britain since the Civil War. They have been a very remarkable and distinguished selection of diplomats. I met our present Ambassador, Mr. Page, in London last summer, and I believe that he will line up to the full stature of what is expected of an American Ambassador to the Court of St. James. I was amused by the report in one of our papers of a banquet given to one of the departing diplomats by his fellow citizens in the West. In his speech he is reported to have said, "I was born in Europe; when I became of age I had two ambitions: the first to get rich—I have accomplished that by coming here and going into the brewery business; my second was to get into good society, and, therefore, I have sought and secured the appointment to the Balkan States." Let us hope that the society among these mountaineers will meet his highest expectations of what good society is.

We of the St. Nicholas are grateful to the President for the selection that he has made of our Minister to Holland. Never has there been a more ideal selection of Ministers to the Netherlands than Dr. Van Dyke. His name is Dutch, his ancestry Dutch; he represents the highest type of intellectual and patriotic Americans and will shed lustre upon the office, his country and his race, whose virtues we are celebrating here to-night. All hail to Minister Van Dyke!

We are next year to celebrate with imposing ceremonies on both sides of the Atlantic the completion of a hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain. It is a most inspiring event and the results of this century of peace upon the history of the world, the welfare of humanity, the advance of civilization and the enlargement of liberty are simply incalculable. Already committees have been formed in this country and Great Britain, who are preparing a program of historical interest and importance. But another centennial has been lost sight of. It is of peculiar importance here to-night. This year is the hundredth anniversary of the liberty of Holland, which should be celebrated by every person who has Holland blood in his or her veins with gratitude and enthusiasm.

Napoleon had taken Holland under his authority by making the Dutch accept his brother Joseph as their King. Joseph, finding that he could not protect his people against the rapacity of his mighty brother, resigned his office. All the healthy young men of the country were drafted into the French Army; most of them had been lost in the disastrous Russian campaign; taxes had been imposed to an extent that was confiscatory, the decrees and embargoes of Napoleon had ruined the commerce upon which Holland depended for her living as well as her prosperity.

Patriotic citizens met, as they had done many times in preceding centuries in stress of national disaster, to consider the situation and the means necessary to rescue their country. They organized and drove out the French Army. They then appealed to the Prince of Orange, who was living in London, to come over and lead them. The Prince replied, "I will if you will establish a government where the ruler rules by the consent of the governed and with a constitution which creates a representative parliament." As the heads of the House of Orange had done for centuries, this Prince organized a Dutch Army and expelled the enemy beyond the frontier. At Waterloo he and his soldiers performed prodigies of valor and contributed materially to the victory over Napoleon. When he was wounded, he tore from his uniform the decorations which he had won on many battlefields, and tossing them to his

troops, said, "If I die they are yours, for you have assisted in winning them."

In the peace that followed, the independence of Holland was recognized and has been successfully maintained for a hundred years. During that period Holland has fully sustained her position among the nations of the world in the liberality of her institutions, in the hospitality of her people, in the enterprise of her merchants, and in the devotion of her citizens to their country and their God.

The cry with which they welcomed the Prince of Orange and which rang through every hamlet and every cottage in the land was "Oranje Boven." The motto of this society is "Oranje Boven"; let us here to-night rise and joyously celebrate this hundredth birthday of the renewed liberty and restoration of Holland by shouting with cheers and in unison, "Oranje Boven"!

**SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW**  
at the Dinner by the Lotos Club to Howard  
Elliott, Chairman of the Board of Directors of  
the New York, New Haven & Hartford R. R.  
Co., December 13, 1913.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: I have had a half century of opportunity for the intimate study of railway presidents. When I became attorney for the railway company forty-eight years ago, the three great presidents who filled the front page of the newspapers and occupied the attention of the country were William H. Vanderbilt, Col. Thomas Scott and John W. Garrett.

Commodore Vanderbilt began with the Harlem Railroad, one hundred and twenty-eight miles long; he and his son, William H., and his sons extended the system until it is now over twenty thousand miles. Col. Thomas Scott and his successors in the Pennsylvania, have done the same for that system, and John W. Garrett and his successors in the Baltimore & Ohio, a similar work in that system.

There is only half a century between that period and now, a mere tick in the watch in the progress of time, but in the evolution of our country a greater progress and development than ever known before among any people or any nation.

It is well known that every mile of railroad into new territory brings into existence the settlement and cultivation of several hundred farms. It is well known that without transportation facilities between farm and market, the richest agricultural country in the world is a desert and industrial cities cannot either be created or exist.

The early part of this period was one of development of the country by the extension of railroads. The offices of the president of that period were filled with citizens begging for railroad extension; they had no money, they depended upon getting railroad facilities, and they wanted capital to invest for their benefit and take all the chances of the investment. It was an agricultural section that might be brought into settle-

ment and development; it was a water power through which industries and a manufacturing town might be created; it was an ambitious city which with further facilities at the expense of the railroad could enlarge the area of its market.

Immediately following the citizens desiring these facilities came the promoters. This period furnished the greatest opportunities for this class of idealists. I came to have the largest admiration for the imagination and hopeful audacity of these rainbow chasers. They became so numerous that they were assigned to me and had to get through my office to see the president. We now have become accustomed to millions, multi-millions and billions, but I have seen visions of untold millions rise in airy clouds before my eyes while the eloquent promoter was expending his scheme, to be dissipated by the cold breath of a hard fact, or the lack of hard cash.

Dickens had only a limited field when he drew the character of Macawber. If he had sat in my chair, Macawber would have been a pygmy of airy opportunity compared with my promoters. I remember one of most impressive personal appearance and apparent prosperity. He carried a large map in his hand and with extraordinary skill he started it with a push and it rolled across the floor. With his cane he developed his plan. "There are the railroads under Vanderbilt control, there is the territory of the Pennsylvania, there that of the Baltimore & Ohio, there is what the aggressive systems west of Chicago are going to do in the East. When their plans are completed you will see that the territory of the Vanderbilt System will be bottled up and its revenues destroyed. I am here to save the situation. This red line marks my road. I have tentative options upon part of it. An initial advance of thirty millions of dollars is the premium upon the insurance policy which saves your system, otherwise sure death awaits it." I said, "My friend, do you remember what Bismarck remarked to the King of Prussia, afterwards the Kaiser of Germany, when at the commencement of the Franco-Prussian War the King was discussing the map of Europe? Bismarck remarked, 'Your Majesty, roll up the map of Europe.'" Said the promoter, "I know you are a joker, Mr. Depew, but this is no joking matter, it is the salvation of your clients and of

the thousands of men in the employ of the railroad." I said, "It is because of the importance of the subject that I use so distinguished an illustration as Bismarck and Emperor William." He said, "If you must have your joke, I suppose it means that I am to roll up this map." I said, "Yes, Your Majesty." "And you will have nothing to do with my plans?" "No." "And you will not report it?" "No." "Well, will you give me a pass back home?"

Now the difference between the railroad president of that period and the railway president of to-day in authority and power is wonderful. Those railway presidents were popular, the railway presidents of to-day are the most criticized officials in the country. There were no restrictions upon the earlier presidents either by the United States or the several States; they were not hampered to any considerable extent by labor unions; their authority was practically unlimited, and also their power for good or evil. The presidents were broad-minded and patriotic. Troubles came because the same arbitrary power naturally went to the heads of the freight department, the passenger department and the other departments of the company. These minor men became local tyrants and created abuses in discriminations which led to popular indignation and restrictive legislation. They were all generals—General Freight Agent and Assistant General Freight Agent, General Passenger Agent and Assistant General Passenger Agent, General Traffic Manager and Assistant General Traffic Manager, General Superintendent and Assistant General Superintendent, etc., until it was something like a Mexican Army.

I remember being at a dinner at the United States Hotel in Saratoga with Mr. Vanderbilt—he was a modest and retiring gentleman—when a loud voice at the table in the rear of us was arousing the attention of everybody. The voice said, "Send me the head waiter," and the head waiter came. "Are you the head waiter?" "Yes, sir." "I want you to understand there is nothing in this hotel that is too good for me. I am Assistant General Passenger Agent of the New York Central Railroad." That man and his like have disappeared from the railroad service.

Railway presidents of to-day have tremendous responsi-

bilities and very little power. Their offices are crowded with the representatives of the various unions on the line demanding increase in pay; with citizens complaining of rates; with reporters wanting to know what defense they have to offer for the accident which has happened; with process servers summoning them before some State or Interstate Commerce Commission or Grand Jury. In the Pirates of Penzance the policeman sings, "The policeman's lot is not a happy one."

The Government, National and State, have practically all power now over the roads; no expenditure can be made, no debt can be increased, no line can be extended, no rate can be fixed, no function whatever can be performed without consent of one, or all of these Commissions. It is power without responsibility as to results. On the other hand, the Labor Unions have grown into such strength that they absolutely control the wages, hours, discharge for any cause and conditions of service among all the employees of the railroads.

The president is expected to satisfy by his administration the Interstate Commerce Commission, the Commissions of the several States through which his line runs, the employees of the company, the public who travel and who send their products over his line, the cities which are eternally wanting greater terminal facilities and larger and more magnificent depots, and the stockholders who expect some return upon their investment. For every accident he is responsible and of every labor difficulty he is the cause.

The railroad president of to-day needs to be a statesman of broad knowledge and economic information, of large experience in public affairs as well as in the operation of his railroad, of that rarest tact which keeps harmony with employees and at the same time serves the public. He needs a knowledge of the law which will enable him to guide his administration through the conflicting statutes of the various States. In the early days the president's closest association was with the Freight Department, from whence came the most of his money; the Passenger Department, from which came the most of his troubles, and the Operating Department, which was nearest the people. To-day he is closest to the Law Department. The General Counsel must be at his elbow, when what is lawful in



one State is unlawful in another, and sometimes both unlawful under the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, to keep the president out of jail.

It is said that an ambitious and talented young man asked the head of one of our great technical schools how long it would take him and how much it would cost to be an expert railway man and to become president of a system. The teacher replied, "If you want to master the most difficult problem of to-day, which is railroad transportation and the management and operating of railways, so as to become a president, it will take seven years in time, and, economically used, ten thousand dollars in money. If you want to become a Congressman or Legislator fully capacitated to solve these problems without effort, it will take three months of time and one hundred dollars."

The present situation demonstrates how absurd it is to restrict the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission by the Sherman Anti-Trust Act or any other restrictive legislation. That Commission represents the people, and is alone competent to do the right thing and should have power commensurate with its responsibilities.

The parcel post, long demanded and a public necessity, invades the whole field of express service. The express companies pay to the railroad one half of their receipts for the transportation and expedition of their matter. The Government has not as yet paid to the railroads one dollar for carrying the parcel post, but the Interstate Commerce Commission has demanded that the express companies reduce their rates twenty-five per cent.—a decision difficult to understand so long as the Government is doing the same business by the parcel post in competition with the express companies. If the Government is to be fair in this competition, it would be good business to let the express companies charge more than the Government, which would necessarily carry the business to the cheapest carrier, but to compel the express companies, in addition to this competition, to reduce their rates to a non-paying basis, looks to the lay mind like confiscation.

The railroads of the country are being starved. They have expended in improvements, extensions and betterments for

the people within the last three years over six hundred millions of dollars. Their gross receipts have increased about two hundred millions, but, owing to the increase in wages in 1910 and 1913, amounting, I think, to over sixty millions, and increase in cost of materials, the net this year was sixteen millions of dollars less than it was three years ago. In other words, the railroads have not received a dollar of return on their investment of six hundred millions, paid wholly for the public convenience and benefit. The public is the beneficiary, receiving the improved service and the additional taxes, because when a railway company spends many millions for a depot made more artistic and extensive to satisfy local pride, the new station earns nothing on the investment, but the local authorities add its cost to their assessment for taxes against the railroad.

Those who oppose the present application for a very slight increase in the railway rates cite one prosperous road, the Lackawanna, but they fail to note that others, like the New Haven, are being starved, not permitted to meet, in the only way a railroad company can meet increasing operating expenses, by increased rates for doing the business. I know of one railroad, not a very great, but still an important one, which by the first increase in wages was put out of dividend paying, and by the second increase will fail this year to meet fixed charges. To put that road in the hands of a receiver means poorer service to the territory through which it runs; it means depreciation instead of maintenance and stagnation instead of improvement, all of them injurious to the unfortunate producers in that territory, while an increase of rates sufficient to meet these obligations and keep up the line would be so small that neither the producer nor the consumer would feel it at all. It is estimated that the additional cost per household from the advanced charges resulting from the five per cent. increase in freight rates asked by the roads would average but thirty cents a year. This is all that the average family of the country would contribute toward the sixty millions of dollars' increase in wages which the railroads have given their employees in the past three years.

Mr. Prouty, the distinguished chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, says that the advance asked for by the railroads might be granted if the Commissioners knew what they would do with the money. The Commission practically controls that, and at this day of publicity, frequent reports to Interstate and State Commissions, unlimited power to investigate and an enlightened conscience among railway executives—it is safe and wise to trust the companies. It is patriotic also, for the process of starvation cannot go much further without producing financial and industrial disaster involving the whole country.

The morning papers tell the glad news of the recovery of the stolen Mona Lisa, the masterpiece of Leonardo da Vinci. When the find was announced in the Italian Chamber of Deputies, these statesmen were in a wild scrimmage with fist and feet, but instantly the fight stopped and the Chamber resumed the dignity of the ancient Roman Senate.

The whole world rejoices in the saving of this incomparable portrait with her tantalizing smile and witching eyes. Let us hope that the news will open the orbs of the Interstate Commerce Commission and save the industrial situation of the country.

I was for twenty-five years a director of the New Haven Railroad Company prior to 1903 and am very familiar with conditions in New England, as to its industries, transportation necessities and the general distribution among the people of New Haven Railroad stock.

Mr. Elliott enters upon his work facing one of the most serious tragedies in railway history—the dividends of the stock of the New Haven Company have for forty years been the living, and in some cases the sole living, of thousands of families of limited means in the New England States. If Mr. Elliott can receive, as he ought, the help of the National and State Commissions with their supreme power, he will reincarnate and rehabilitate the New Haven System.

The New England railroads have the task in the most productive territory of the country of keeping that territory productive and growing when at the sources of its raw mate-

rial competition with its manufacturers grows more severe every year.

It is the man who ultimately counts in all railway operations. No matter how excellent or wonderful are safety appliances, the responsibility ultimately rests on the operator. In the largest degree in administration, the success or failure of a great and complicated system depends upon the executive. In the present crisis that man is Howard Elliott.

Five generals failed and lost their reputations, a hundred thousand men were needlessly sacrificed and a thousand millions of dollars lost with the Army of the Potomac before Grant took command, and Appomattox followed. I believe, and so do all of us, that the New Haven has found its Grant, and that under Elliott the system will resume its old place as one of the most productive and popular lines in the country.

ADDRESS OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW  
at the Dinner Given to William C. Brown by  
his Official Associates at the University Club,  
New York City, December 29, 1913.

MY FRIENDS: I have participated in celebrations, such as we are enjoying to-night, for nearly as many years as the age of our guest. I began way back in college days with dinners to retiring professors, and have continued since in appreciations for Presidents and ex-Presidents of the United States, Governors and ex-Governors of the State of New York, Mayors and ex-Mayors of the City of New York, and others who have attained distinction.

In nearly all festive gatherings like this, though in honor of an eminent gentleman, there is a flaw in the diamond—it is that a personal interest, suggesting gratitude for favors to come, attaches to the hospitality the hosts are giving—but to-night the diamond is absolutely pure and flawless. We are here to bid hail and farewell to our Chief upon the occasion of his retirement from his responsible position into private life, because of our admiration for him as an executive, because of the charming associations we have had with him as his colleagues, his cabinet and members of his staff, and because we love him.

There is a harmony among railway men which exists in no other profession. Rivalries among lawyers and doctors, and fierce competition between business men tend to the creation of personal animosities, but railroad officials are almost absolutely free from envy, jealousy or malice. They rejoice at the promotion of a brother in the profession and are delighted at the honors which are merited and given to their associates.

Even in the old days when there was unlimited rate-cutting to the diaster of the corporations and the public, and when the pressure from stockholders, directors and the press was brought to bear upon executives and traffic managers to break up the custom and make agreements for the main-

tenance of rates, and when, as was customary in those times, for all those who participated to endeavor before the signing and execution of the agreement, to make contracts for cut rates to the limit of its life, even then there were no animosities, only admiration for the officer who reached the telegraph office first.

Railway transportation, which has done everything for the development of the country, for its settlement, for the creation of its cities and industries, affords more opportunities for capable, resourceful and able men than there is a supply.

The difficulties, dangers and responsibilities of high executive positions in the railway, with the necessity of satisfying a Board of Directors, generally composed of the strongest men in the country, of stockholders who are anxious for a reasonable return upon their investment, and of the public, always alert and rarely satisfied, create a brotherhood among the members of our vocation. But there is quite another reason for our friendship and sympathetic unity; it is the efforts constantly made by politicians to bar from participation in the honors of public life the two million of honest, most intelligent and worthy citizens who are in the railway service.

Railways have been unpopular and will continue in a measure to be so, because the transportation of goods and persons is in the nature of a tax. We know that for the service rendered the public pay less to the railway companies for carrying their goods and their persons than they are compelled to pay for any other service they require. Nevertheless, there would not be any hostility to a railroad man serving the public in any capacity, local or general, if it was not fomented by politicians because they think it is popular.

At a dinner last week a distinguished officer of the Government was the guest of honor. This eminent official said in effect that "one of the reforms which has been brought about by the adoption of the amendment to the Constitution for the election of United States Senators by the people, was that no railroad officer or employee could hereafter occupy a seat in the United States Senate." This prohibition is not to apply to a manufacturer who is deeply interested in the tariff, nor to a newspaper publisher who is also interested, nor to a lawyer,

nor to a doctor, nor to a minister, nor an artisan, nor to a mechanic, nor to a professional politician who lives by his wits, nor to the gambler in food products or necessaries of life, but only to railroad men.

It is an assertion which has been disapproved every time a railroad man has been chosen for local or general office, that he, by reason of his association, will not give to the public unselfish and patriotic service. I believe that if a majority of Congress was composed of men in the railway service who had been trained in the school of dealing with the public, with an intimate knowledge of the needs of the village, the county, the State, and the general government, which is necessary for a railroad man, there would be much better and much more useful legislation, and so far as laws can accomplish such results, increasing prosperity and opportunity for everybody.

Chief Arthur, for many years head of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, was a man of commanding executive ability. He would have adorned the Governorship of the State of New York, or a seat in either the House of Representatives or the Senate of the United States. Politicians who thus misrepresent our profession think it is popular and safe, because railway men don't care, but some day the railway men of the country will get tired of this abuse. They possess the power through their perfect organization to retire permanently from public life all such enemies, because of the vocation they have selected for their life work.

I have known more or less intimately all of the Presidents of the United States, commencing with Abraham Lincoln, and all of the Presidents of the New York Central Railroad, commencing with Dean Richmond. Richmond was one of those original, masterful, forceful leaders of men who makes a mark upon his time. It was while I was a member of the Legislature, over fifty years ago, that I became acquainted with him. The union between the Central and the Hudson River roads had not then been made. Richmond was not only President of the New York Central, but he was the unquestioned leader of the Democratic Party in the State. His writing was the worst ever known, and could rarely be deciphered even by himself.

A story was abroad then that the Bishop of Western New York had written to him requesting a pass; he answered briefly denying the request; the Bishop thought it was a permission to ride free, it was so accepted by the conductors, and his grace, the Bishop, had transportation over the New York Central Lines for a year with the compliments of the President.

Commodore Vanderbilt, under whose administration I first came into the service, was one of those original geniuses with rare constructive talent who arise only once in a century. As an illustration of the difference between his time and now—though he was the richest man in the United States, though he controlled more lines of railway than any other man—he was popular with the public. It was because at that time the public wanted men like him to extend the railways for which all communities were crying, and to enlarge the facilities of existing lines. If he was alive now how different would be his position!

William H. Vanderbilt was an exceedingly able and capable executive; for his time he was better fitted for his great task than would have been his father. He suffered under that handicap which so often comes to the sons of very great men; the overshadowing genius of the father does not give to the son a due appreciation of his abilities, even if they are as great as those of his parent.

The New York Central has had several Presidents since Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. I held the office for thirteen years. Also in the list were Mr. Rutter and Mr. Callaway. Mr. Newman, whom we are all glad to greet here this evening, was one of the broadest-minded, ablest and wisest of the railway presidents of my time. When he had reached the zenith of his fame, power and usefulness, when the directors were begging him to remain, and stockholders were unanimous in wishing him to continue, and the whole employment of the service were happy and satisfied, he showed his wise, level-headedness by an act of renunciation which I have rarely witnessed. For him to stay was to hasten, by responsibilities increasing with the advancing years of his life, his entrance through the pearly gates into the other world. He knew what



this world is, what a good world it is for those who treat it right, how full it is of good people whom you can enjoy and who can enjoy you, and he made up his mind to stay here and enjoy Heaven on earth just as long as he could; certainly for the five years that he has been trying this experiment he has been most successful in health, happiness and evidences of longevity, and radiating happiness and goodwill all about him.

Mr. Brown came into the New York Central service when it needed his great talent, his executive ability and his creation and control of efficiency. The system has wonderfully prospered under his management. The most beautiful station in the world has been constructed under the most exacting conditions and greatest difficulties in the maintenance of the train service. It has been the wonder of the engineers who have visited us from other countries, that with tracks shifted every hour and blasting all about and excavating everywhere and structures going up, that the train service, so vast, so complicated, of the three lines terminating here, should have been uninterrupted. This beautiful station suggests one accomplishment of our President.

He, however, I think will be longest remembered for what he has done in bringing about harmonious and cordial relations between farmers and the railroad. The experimental farms which he has had the railroad company establish along its lines have been schools of instruction which ultimately must be efficient instructors in carrying people back to the farm, in adding to attractiveness and in reducing the cost of living.

It is a saying almost as old as the ages that "The man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before is a benefactor of his race." Grass, however, feeds the cattle on a thousand hills, but Mr. Brown has succeeded in making three ears of corn grow where only one grew before, and that feeds the multitude.

We hear much in our country of "self-made men"; many of them are not admirable types, on the contrary quite the reverse. Few of them, as they assert loudly, stridently and aggressively, that they are self-made, are ever popular or pleasing. I remember when a baldheaded man was boasting that he had made himself, William R. Travers said to him: "Why

the devil, when you were doing it, didn't you put some hair on your head?" The railway furnishes an opportunity for the growth of self-made men whose existence is a valuable asset to the whole country, both in what they do and in the example which they set. Every man about this table is, in a way, a self-made man, but among the most conspicuous is our ex-President, Mr. William H. Newman, our President, Mr. Brown, who is about to leave us, and our incoming President, Mr. Smith.

When Mr. Brown was a boy upon the farm he dropped the plow, climbed the fence and enlisted in the railway service in the humble but useful capacity of feeding wood (which was then used instead of coal) to the tender of the locomotive. That excited the attention of a section foreman who wanted him to take the spade. He soon knew more than the section foreman, and then the head of the telegraph service required him; the train dispatcher saw his talent and made him an assistant; the superintendent needed him and then the General Manager made him Superintendent; he was so good a Superintendent that the Vice-President made him General Manager, and so good a General Manager that the President made him Vice-President, and so strong a Vice-President that the Board of Directors made him Senior Vice-President, and he displayed such rare executive talent that he was elected President.

The hard labors of an executive of a great railway very speedily use him up unless he finds recreation somewhere. Happily Mr. Brown possesses, in a large degree, the qualities which make a successful politician and public man. He knows the people and he likes to mingle with them and they like him. He has been a favored orator and an instructive one at various farmers' gatherings and meetings of Chambers of Commerce. He is destined to a career in public life. When he enters upon his activities as a farmer with all the other things which will come to him and which he will do, I am sure the people of his State will elect him Governor, and I believe that he will reach and adorn the United States Senate.

As a farmer he is already the owner of the prize stallion of the United States, and when devoting his whole attention to agriculture, he will be an efficient aid in answering the cry

for better horses. His enthusiasm cannot be restrained and he will have better cows, better pigs, better sheep, better poultry; his land will produce by the acre so much more than that of his neighbor, that the Brown Farm will become an Agricultural University.

Mr. Brown, we who love you, in seeking some permanent memorial of our affection which should be always with you and in your house, have selected this loving cup. On festive occasions its contents will be enjoyed by yourself, your family and your friends, and in the intervals your wife will fill it with flowers. Its mission is to keep in remembrance those who have been so long associated with you and whose admiration and affection have increased with the years.



## An Appreciation of the Late Judge Henry E. Howland, Contributed to Bench and Bar, December, 1913.

Henry E. Howland was at Yale with me. He was in the class of 1854 and I in the class of 1856. He was a junior when I was a freshman and a senior when I was a sophomore, and, while there was very little acquaintance at that time between under and upper classmen, Howland was so universally popular among the students that we became quite intimate. He was interested then, as always afterward, in everything that concerned the welfare of the College. Athletics were in their infancy, but he was active in promoting them in the different classes and in the University at large, and used to address the classes below him to arouse their interest, having already developed the faculty of humor and story telling for which he was afterwards distinguished.

He was a studious and hard working lawyer all his life, but found time for excursions in many other fields of work and pleasure. He was an exception in this respect to most of his contemporaries. He was deeply interested in politics and became associated intimately with the remarkable body of young men whom Chester A. Arthur, for a long time the Republican leader and afterwards President of the United States, gathered about him, and all these young men reached positions of distinction.

While New York was most of the time under the control of Tammany, as it has been ever since, yet these young college men rescued the city several times in notable campaigns. In this way Howland became successively a Judge of the Marine Court and candidate for the Court of Common Pleas and Justice of the Supreme Court. He was fond of taking desperate chances where he believed that the people could be served by personal sacrifice on his part, and that led him to run for Alderman. During his two terms he was the life of the Board, and could unearth a job, expose a graft and bring even ad-

versaries to the adoption of measures of relief, both by the intimate knowledge which he displayed of the situation and of the underhand dealings of those men who preyed upon municipalities and his unfailing humor and good nature. Judge Howland could arouse the people to an interest disastrous to the schemes by a good story, when a denunciation would have fallen on closed ears and received little notice in the press.

The passion of his life was Yale, and he joined with me in organizing the Yale Alumni Association of New York, of which I was president for the first ten years and he of the succeeding ten, until it was merged into the Yale Club. The Association was most helpful in keeping up the Yale spirit, bringing together the recent graduates and giving them acquaintance with the older and successful men and also helping the University.

I was twelve years his colleague in the Yale Corporation. He never missed a meeting and was fertile in suggestions upon the many and sometimes difficult questions which are always present with the governing board of our universities.

His attendance upon the practice games of the baseball and football teams, and the training of the crews, gave to the boys the encouragement of feeling that the governing board of the University had a deep interest in the establishment of an athletic reputation for Yale, and sustaining it upon every field.

On the social side Judge Howland was one of the most delightful among the charming men of this metropolitan city. As an after-dinner speaker he had a fund of original anecdotes quite equal to those of the best story teller we ever had in New York, the late Judge John R. Brady. Few men knew so well what story fitted the case and how to tell it so that the snapper cracked and merged into the uproarious laughter of the crowd. He never attacked his adversaries directly, but had something of the Lincoln method of ridiculing them by an apt anecdote.

Those who were intimate with him wondered at the easy way in which he met and performed his many obligations. He possessed that rarest faculty for health and longevity, the ability to go from one department of work to another, carrying

into the new field none of the limitations of previous activity which so often is fatal among men who have made successes in any one line, and are incapable of effort in any other. They become narrow through the brain pressure on the same cells, while the other cells become atrophied and the result is that outside of their offices they are uninteresting companions and of little benefit to their communities. Howland, however, had discovered early in life the rest and recuperation that there are in change of occupation; he had found that from these excursions he returned to his main work renewed and refreshed.

As a lawyer he always satisfied his clients, and they knew by results that they were well served. On the legal side his judgment was excellent, but on all sides, in the troubles that come to a lawyer of general practice, he had rare wisdom and common sense.

Among other activities, he belonged to two dining clubs which met once a month. The members of these clubs were few and their meetings were both intimate and confidential. He was a valuable addition to these little gatherings of tired and busy men. He was fresher than any and brought to the table experiences from his busy life and wide contact with men of affairs—by way of incident and anecdote—those refreshing things which make an evening to be remembered.

During his long and most active career as a judge, a lawyer, a politician, a club member and club president, an educator and public speaker, he gained friends and never lost one. He filled a large place for a long time in the life of this great city.





## SPEECH BY HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

at the Presentation of the Tragedy *Andromaque* by Racine at the Harris Theatre, New York City, by the French Dramatic Society, February 4, 1914.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I feel embarrassed in appearing before you this afternoon for two reasons—one, it is always dangerous for a speaker to interrupt or postpone an anticipated pleasure, and the other, you are here for the purpose of listening to one of the immortal tragedies of Racine.

We have the highest authority for the statement that it is impossible to paint the lily, it is equally impossible to add to the fame of Racine, but when Mr. Bonheur, the President of the French Dramatic Society, came to me with the request that I should say a few words of appreciation of the efforts of that organization in the work they began and which we hope may successfully continue, I could not resist.

Certainly the Society is performing a service which is both patriotic and educational. Nothing could be of happier moment than to bring to the attention of the American people the results of French genius in literature and the drama.

The friendly relations between France and the United States began one hundred and thirty-seven years ago. It was a time when wars were universal, when nations were most hostile and were divided on race and religious grounds, when the ambition of dynasties and the hunger for territory were never so great. The American people were in revolution for independence and for founding a government upon Republican principles. The friendship of monarchical France and the assistance rendered us by the French at that time are pre-eminently the romance of history.

The Marquis de Lafayette, heir to one of the best names in the French nobility, came here as a volunteer and gave to Washington the service of his sword and his fortune. In the darkest hour of our struggle, Lafayette returned to France and came back with a French army under Rochambeau and

a French navy under de Grasse, which rehabilitated the Continental Army and the finances of our Revolution. To that assistance, as we look back upon it to-day, our ancestors owed their freedom. In all the revolutions in France during succeeding years, this friendship of one hundred and thirty-seven years has continued unimpaired; it has been strained at times, but never broken, and to-day it is more cordial than ever. The French, after passing through seven revolutions with different governments, forty years ago established the present republic modelled on the lines of the Constitution of the United States. Never in modern times have the French people been so loyal to their institutions, so patriotic in their determination to serve and protect them as now. Never before have French industry, literature and art been more progressive and prosperous.

Nothing is more interesting than the heredity of fundamental principles. The Pilgrim Fathers in the cabin of the *Mayflower* first enunciated in their charter the doctrine of the equality of all men before the law and the foundation of a government upon just and equal laws. One hundred years afterwards a French philosopher, Rousseau, startled France by advocating the same principles. There is no probability that he had ever heard of the Pilgrim Fathers, of the *Mayflower* or of the charter which was prepared in its cabin. The principle had worked its way out in his own mind. It became at once a toy and plaything among the dandies and beauties of the French Court. It became a political creed in France in 1783, the year the French Army, after the organization of American Independence, returned to France. The French soldiers brought back with them the practical and successful application of these principles in the formation of the American government and the happy liberties of the American people. The teachings of Rousseau instantly assumed practical form. The French Revolution followed and the flower and the fruit of it all is the French Republic of to-day.

The division of people into parties is a state of mind; why a man is a Republican, a Democrat, a Socialist, a Prohibitionist or a Suffragette is a state of mind, so also the relations between nationalities is a state of mind. Nothing promotes unity of minds in different nations like intelligent intercom-

munication and exchange of thought. I remember in my youth when the works of Lamartine were the rage of the day, and then followed Guizot; they, with the great novelists, Balzac, Dumas, Victor Hugo, drew closer and closer to France the youth of the United States.

I have been a student and admirer of the American stage for over half a century. Its indebtedness to French dramatists and to the production of French art on the stage cannot be estimated. Taking the last fifty years as a whole, the majority of the plays which have appeared upon our stage have come from the French; they were borrowed and then adapted. Language is often used to so soften a theft that it conceals a crime. The French play is stolen bodily, then it is adapted, and in the adaptation the name of the original genius disappears and in his place the adapter becomes a dramatic author. This has all been an invaluable education; it has produced American dramatists and enriched the stage with American actors of high merit. There is now, and has been for the past few years, a body of American dramatists who are producing original and excellent plays that present properly the aspirations and ideas of American society. Now that we are no longer dependent upon the adaptation to our life of foreign ideas and social conditions, but have a standard of our own, we can draw closer to and recognize more thoroughly and justly the French originals.

It was a happy thought which brought about the exchange of professors between France and the United States. The most brilliant men of the French Academy have come to our universities and colleges, and in the exchange American professors have delighted audiences at the Sorbonne and in the historic university at Montpellier. These exchanges have led to an acquaintance followed by study of French literature here and American literature over there. The fruit and flower of this international exchange is the production upon the American stage of the classics of French drama acted by a company of French actors. It is a wonderful advance in international cordiality that we can have the French stage acclimated in our City of New York.

We have still much to learn, and this French Dramatic

Association has a virgin field for its educational operations. On my way here this afternoon, a successful man of affairs stopped me and said, "Where are you hurrying?" I said, "To the Harris Theatre to speak on Racine." "Oh, yes," he answered, "I know the place. A lively town up in Wisconsin, but I did not know they were selling lots in New York."

I congratulate the students of the colleges and the schools that have this opportunity, which was not enjoyed by preceding generations. The French of the colleges and the schools, without the opportunity for practical use, frequently strands the student when he or she arrives in Paris. It is good in its way, but the French do not understand it. But when it is spoken, as it will be in these dramatic presentations, it becomes both a delight and an instruction.

Racine, whose masterpiece you hear this afternoon, did more than any other to elevate the French stage and by his genius to add to the beauty of the French language and enrich its literature. If, in the other world, the spirits of the departed are permitted to know what is transpiring here, we can picture the emotions of the spirit of Racine when it views with pride three hundred years after his death his great tragedy enacted in a country which he never heard of and among a people who, at that time, had no existence, but who in numbers and in power are greater than was the whole of the world with which he was familiar.

In congratulating the Society upon the happy inauguration of its work, I am sure you will all join me in wishing for it permanent success and a growth which will lead to the formation of other similar societies in every great city in the United States.

## SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW

at the Luncheon of the Pilgrim Society of the United States to the Right Honorable, the Earl of Kintore, at the Waldorf-Astoria, February 9, 1914.

GENTLEMEN: This room has been dedicated to international good will between the United States and Great Britain. Ten years ago this month the Pilgrim Society had here its first meeting. During the decade its history has been rich in functions for the promotion of international good will among all English-speaking peoples, and in results which have been eminently satisfactory. We, the Pilgrims, enter upon our second decade satisfied with our past, and hopeful for the future. A year ago at this same hour we welcomed the first delegation under the Earl of Weardale, which came over from England in the interest of our hundred years of peace. It is our privilege and our pleasure to-day to welcome another English Ambassador, a Statesman who has performed eminent services for his country in almost every department of English public life. He has brought to his mission his great ability, his ripe experience and a large talent for tact and diplomacy. The cause has been benefited beyond words by the presence in our country of this accomplished representative of its purposes and its ideals. This gentleman is our guest to-day, the Right Honorable, the Earl of Kintore.

We have been so busy with adapting ourselves to our New Freedom that we have not given this subject the attention which it has received on the other side of the Atlantic; however, it is our habit as a people to wake up late to any duty and then perform it with a speed and efficiency which makes up for lost time. The celebration of the completion of the hundred years of peace between the United States and Great Britain has an incalculable international value.

When the representatives of United States and Great Britain met at Ghent to arrange the terms of peace one hundred years ago next December, all Europe was at war. Great Britain and

every nation on the continent had combined together for a supreme effort to destroy Napoleon. One hundred years have passed during which there have been innumerable wars in which every country in the world has been repeatedly engaged. We have had several of our own, but there has been no hostile shot fired between the United States and Great Britain. We have been frequently on the verge of hostilities but they have been avoided by diplomacy. The one supreme and glorious fruit of liberties under the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of Great Britain is the growth of public opinion. We have had difficulties over boundary lines involving large areas of territory which have always been settled only by war; difficulties over rights on the sea, which are fruitful subjects for war; difficulties at the time of our Civil strife, which were full of reasons for war, and difficulties arising out of our stepping in between two foreign countries and demanding arbitration, which with any other people and in any other age would have been resented by war. These causes for arbitration by the sword were more acute than the causes which led to the war between Prussia and Austria that gave Prussia the dominance in Germany; between France and Germany which lost the former two of her richest provinces and a legacy of generations of hate; of the contests between France and Austria, which eventuated in Italian unity, and the war between Greece and the Balkan states and Turkey which afterwards became a contest over the spoils between the allies and closed with the opera bouffe of war, the peaceful recapture of Adrianople which had been the object of the strife with the Turks.

There is peace to-day in Europe, but it is peace so brittle that Germany has taken out of the principal, not the income, of her people two hundred and fifty millions of dollars for her army. France is doing the same for her army, and Germany and England are feverishly building dreadnoughts. We of the United States are so at peace with all the world that we refuse to add to our little army and fight over one more dreadnought for our navy. We have an irritation upon our Mexican border, but we are not, if possible, going to permit it to involve us in war. Our government's attitude toward the

parties to that conflict is illustrated by the old story of the wife who, seeing a life and death struggle between her husband and a bear, said, "Let the best one win, though my sympathies are with the bear."

This celebration is both an event and a sentiment. If duty was a sentiment which had to be aroused by canvassers and appeals, it would have little permanent value, but a sentiment which under every stress and strain has kept the peace for one hundred years is not an accident, it is a monument. There was a slight scratch upon the amber, not at all serious, yet deplorable, happening last year in the exception of our coastwise shipping from tolls on the Panama Canal. It has always been a wonder how, under the circumstances, the privilege was so easily granted and it is especially difficult when we consider that coastwise shipping is the only unrestricted monopoly created by the tariff, and the policy of this Government is to destroy tariff monopoly.

President Wilson within the last few days has happily removed this difficulty, he has relieved his party from this inconsistent position of being the agents of tariff monopoly and at the same time has won the applause of the American people and of the world by the assertion that when there is some doubt on a question of national honor, all doubts must be in favor of honor and faith. There is no place in the world more subject to brain storms than capitals, and none more so than Washington. This privilege to the coastwise shipping was passed with a rush and a hurrah under a brain storm by which voters in the Senate and House believed they were giving Home Rule to Ireland.

We are welcoming to our shores peoples of all countries races and nationalities, save yellow ones, but our relations with the English-speaking peoples of the world, including with Great Britain her self-governing colonies, Canada, Australia and South Africa, can be differentiated in the remark of an old-time Southern Colonel who was discussing with a friend the never settled dispute about the status of different religious sects. "Yes, suh," said the Colonel, "a Catholic can get to Heaven, so can a Presbyterian, a Baptist, Methodist, Congregationalist, Unitarian, or Universalist, but if you wish to

go to Heaven as a gentleman with gentlemen, you must be an Episcopalian.”

There is confusion in the public mind that this sentiment expressed in the celebration next year includes only the British Isles, but there is equal enthusiasm in the self-governing colonies of Australia, of South Africa and especially of our neighbor, Canada.

It was a happy thought on the part of our friends on the other side to purchase Sulgrave Manor, the home of the ancestors of Washington. The pilgrimage of each succeeding generation of Americans to Mount Vernon is a baptism of patriotism; the pilgrimage of succeeding peoples from all around the world who speak the English language to Sulgrave Manor will be a baptism of international and perpetual peace. The example of what has resulted from the absence of war between the United States and Great Britain during these hundred years is the greatest argument for world peace. Higher than monuments or memorials of any international value, or in any permanent form, is the living fruit of these amicable relations, the self-governing colony of Canada. If there had been war, Canada would have been the battle ground and subject to all the devastations of the conflict, but upon a boundary line of three thousand miles between Canada and the United States, there is not a sentry or a gun, or on a thousand miles of contiguous inland seas a battleship. Canada has in her institutions her liberties, her laws, her continental and transcontinental railroads, and in opening her vast territories for agriculture, advanced more rapidly in these one hundred years than any nation except the United States. As Canada grows in population, power, liberty and beneficence to the world's welfare, each succeeding generation will hail her as a resplendent monument to our century of peace.



SPEECH OF HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW  
at the Luncheon given to General Thomas L.  
James on His Eighty-third Birthday at the  
Union League Club, New York City, March  
29, 1914.

MY FRIENDS: It is a privilege to be here to-day to join in this greeting to our friend, General Thomas L. James. We all have birthdays; mighty few have eighty-three. I can speak unselfishly of people who have reached eighty and passed beyond, because it will be four weeks before I arrive at that age. To have lived so long, retaining the confidence, respect and love of one's associates is a distinction; it indicates rare qualities of mind, of heart, rare wisdom, consideration and charity for others.

I trust we all went to church this morning. I did and heard a most instructive and inspiring sermon from my Rector. The preacher always illustrates the truth he is enforcing by a human example. Of course, it is always the Redeemer, but in addition it is an Apostle or a Saint or some eminent citizen.

We celebrate the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln because of the examples which they set and the guide that their lives are for posterity.

I know of no better sermon in this work-a-day world, and among those who know him and those who will know him when they come to read his story, than our friend and guest whose long life has been an illustration of the fact that a man can be true to his principles, his party, his church and his friends and still be more entrenched in the respect of his fellow citizens.

General James was one of the active young men in the Republican Party with whom I came in contact when I stumped the country for Fremont in 1856, fifty-eight years ago, and he was then giving promise of the distinction which he afterwards attained. He was a country editor working through the editorial columns with rare wisdom and efficiency

for the principles which he believed, but he also understood his neighborhood. He was the inventor of the social column in the village newspaper and every young man and woman who became engaged could be sure of a complimentary notice, the bride and bridesmaids at the marriage of a description of their dresses, all made at home; when they took their honeymoon, which in those days was never more than a week to some place within twenty-five or thirty miles, it received as much picturesque description as the honeymoon does now which charters a yacht and goes around the world. It was in this field that Mr. James discovered the faculty of imagination, without which he never could have made his success.

When he became Postmaster of New York there was no civil service; the doctrine, "To the victor belong the spoils," was universally accepted; the result was that the General was expected to turn everybody out and to appoint in their places the friends of the people who had secured him his position. This gave him enormous patronage. It was with the pressure then put upon him that he demonstrated his strength of character, and with the opportunities which obliging eminent men gave him, his ability to resist temptation. I think he was the first of the office holders of the country who installed a system of civil service. Of course, it was inadequate and primitive, for he had no support from his superiors or from the people, but it was the beginning of a great reform in the public service of our Government.

During all my activities in politics, running through these fifty-eight years, I have been a persistent seeker for other people to secure them offices. I have placed in the city, State and Government employment many thousands of men and some women. My intimacy with General James was well known and, therefore, I was overrun with people who wanted me to ask him to place them in the post office. I selected a very worthy man and, knowing how unreliable are letters, I went down with the applicant. The General received me with his accustomed cordiality and expressed his pleasure in having an opportunity to do me a favor. He said, "I will not put your friend on the general list because it may be a long time before he would be reached, but, turning to his private sec-

retary, he directed, "Jones, put Mr. Depew's man on my private list." The applicant and I went away joyous and I undertook the support of himself and his family, we both thinking it was only for a few days. After a month of waiting, weary on the part of the office seeker and expensive to me, we went down again. The General called his secretary and said to him, "On what list did you put Mr. Depew's man?" He said, "On your private list." The General was indignant, but his secretary winked at me, which made me think he was accustomed to that kind of abuse, and the General said to the secretary, "You ought to know better; the list I wanted him put on, and I regret if I made a mistake, was not my private list, but my special list." "Now," he said, rising, which indicated the interview was over, "your man is safe." At the end of another month the weary office seeker and I called again. The General said, "Well, you see my private list got so crowded and my special list so full, that I had to make another list for intimate friends like you and call it my private-special list, consolidating the two names; now you are safe with your friend on the private special."

A few nights afterwards, at a great public banquet at Delmonico's, the General had a seat of honor on the dais and I was a speaker. I made up my mind I could add to the gaiety of nations by a full and picturesque account of the General's lists, special and private and private-special. I had not got far when he came over to me and said, "Chauncey, for Heaven's sake, stop this racket; you will give me away and my scheme will be ruined for getting rid of office seekers. If you will stop I will appoint your man to-morrow morning." I turned my description of the lists into a glowing eulogium on the Postmaster of New York, his efficiency and how he was adding to the comfort of his fellow citizens and their business facilities, and the next morning my office seeker received his appointment and is still in the post office.

There is another incident which is of historical importance. A few of us active workers in the Republican Party in New York State were responsible for the nomination of General Garfield for President of the United States. Senator Conkling was at that time the dictator of the party in New

York and the sole dispenser of public patronage. This patronage was so large that it made him absolute in his authority. He was bitterly displeased by the nomination of Garfield and refused to support him for a long time. His strength was so great that unless he did support him, it was feared New York State would be lost. General Grant, who was the defeated candidate, with great magnanimity came out and traveled the country for Garfield and succeeded in making Senator Conkling accompany him. Garfield was elected. Senator Conkling demanded of the President the continuance of his control over the patronage, which meant the punishment of the men who made Garfield President. His method was to fight the confirmation by the Senate of anybody from New York in the Garfield Cabinet, unless selected by himself; then he would have in the Cabinet of the President a personal and devoted follower who would look after and protect this source of the Senator's power.

The late Whitelaw Reid and myself were in Washington to secure, as far as possible, a Cabinet which would be loyal to General Garfield and nobody else. After Senator Conkling had rejected several names suggested by the President, it suddenly occurred to me that there was one man whom Senator Conkling could not afford to, and would not fight, and that was the Postmaster of New York, General Thomas L. James. James was a citizen of Utica, Mr. Conkling's own city. He had been a devoted friend of Mr. Conkling during the whole of Conkling's career and a most efficient one, but I knew that if Mr. James entered the Cabinet of the President, it would be as a friend as well as an adviser of General Garfield, and that he could not by any old association be seduced from that allegiance. That was his character, but I took into account also his blood. He is a Welshman, and the peculiarity of a Welshman in a crisis is that he has the courage, patience and persistence of General Grant and the obstinacy of an army mule.

General James was appointed, and while Senator Conkling did not approve, he found it impossible to fight his confirmation and believed that soon he could command his loyalty against the President. He was mistaken. No member of Gar-

field's Cabinet was truer to him or of greater value to him than his Postmaster-General. This appointment was the beginning of the fight upon Garfield's Administration, which led to Senator Conkling's resignation from the Senate and retirement from public life, and in the bitter partisanship of the time caused a lunatic to assassinate the President. Thus was the history of the United States changed.

The value of any human being is dependent upon the atmosphere in which he or she moves and in which they have their being. This is not the air common to us all, but it is the atmosphere which we all create ourselves. It may be repellent so that none can breathe it comfortably; it may be cold so that all are chilled who come within it, but there are many right-minded, right-hearted people whose sensibilities are not narrowed by the accidents of life, nor their charity dissipated by enmities or betrayals, but who, by their words and actions, spread good will and good fellowship all around them. The atmosphere of such people communicates to other atmospheres, so that whole communities share in the blessings which flow from such characters. During his long, fruitful and eminently useful life an innumerable host have enjoyed and been benefited by the atmosphere created by General Thomas L. James.



## Some Views on the Threshold of Fourscore of Chauncey M. Depew, LL.D.

At the Twenty-second Annual Dinner given by the Montauk Club of Brooklyn, in Celebration of Senator Depew's Seventy-ninth Birthday, April 26, 1913.

At the Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Entrance upon the Ministry of the Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D., Lexington Avenue Opera House, May 29, 1912.

At the Fourth of July Celebration of the American Society of London, England, July 4, 1912.

At the Banquet Celebrating the One Hundred and Forty-fourth Anniversary of the New York Chamber of Commerce, Waldorf-Astoria, November 21, 1912.

At the Meeting in Memory of Vice-President James S. Sherman, held by the Republican Club of the City of New York, November 24, 1912.

At the Luncheon of the New York State Society of the Cincinnati at Metropolitan Club, New York City, November 25, 1912, in Celebration of the Evacuation of New York by the British Army, November 25, 1783.

On the Occasion of the Presentation of the Grand Jewel of the 33° to Senator Depew at the Masonic Hall, New York City, December 20, 1912.

At the Dinner given by the Lotos Club of New York to Governor William Sulzer, February 8, 1913.

At the Pilgrims Society Luncheon to the Delegates from England, Canada and Australia to Arrange for Celebrating One Hundred Years of Peace among English Speaking Peoples, Waldorf-Astoria, May 5, 1913.

Tribute to the German Emperor at the Concert given on the steamer *Kronprinzessin Cecilie*, June 14, 1913.

At the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Formation of the Village of Ossining, State of New York, October 13, 1913.

At the Dinner given by the Lotos Club of New York to His Serene Highness Prince Albert of Monaco, October 25, 1913.

At the Annual Dinner of the St. Nicholas Society of New York at Delmonico's, December 6, 1913.

At the Dinner given by the Lotos Club of New York to Howard Elliott, Chairman of the New York and New Haven Railroad Company, December 13, 1913.

At the Dinner given to William C. Brown by his Official Associates at the University Club, New York, December 29, 1913.

An Appreciation of the late Judge Henry E. Howland, Contributed to Bench and Bar, December, 1913.

At the Presentation of the Tragedy *Andromaque* by Racine at the Harris Theatre, New York City, by the French Dramatic Society, February 4, 1914.

At the Luncheon of the Pilgrim Society of the United States to the Right Honorable, the Earl of Kintore, at the Waldorf-Astoria, February 9, 1914.

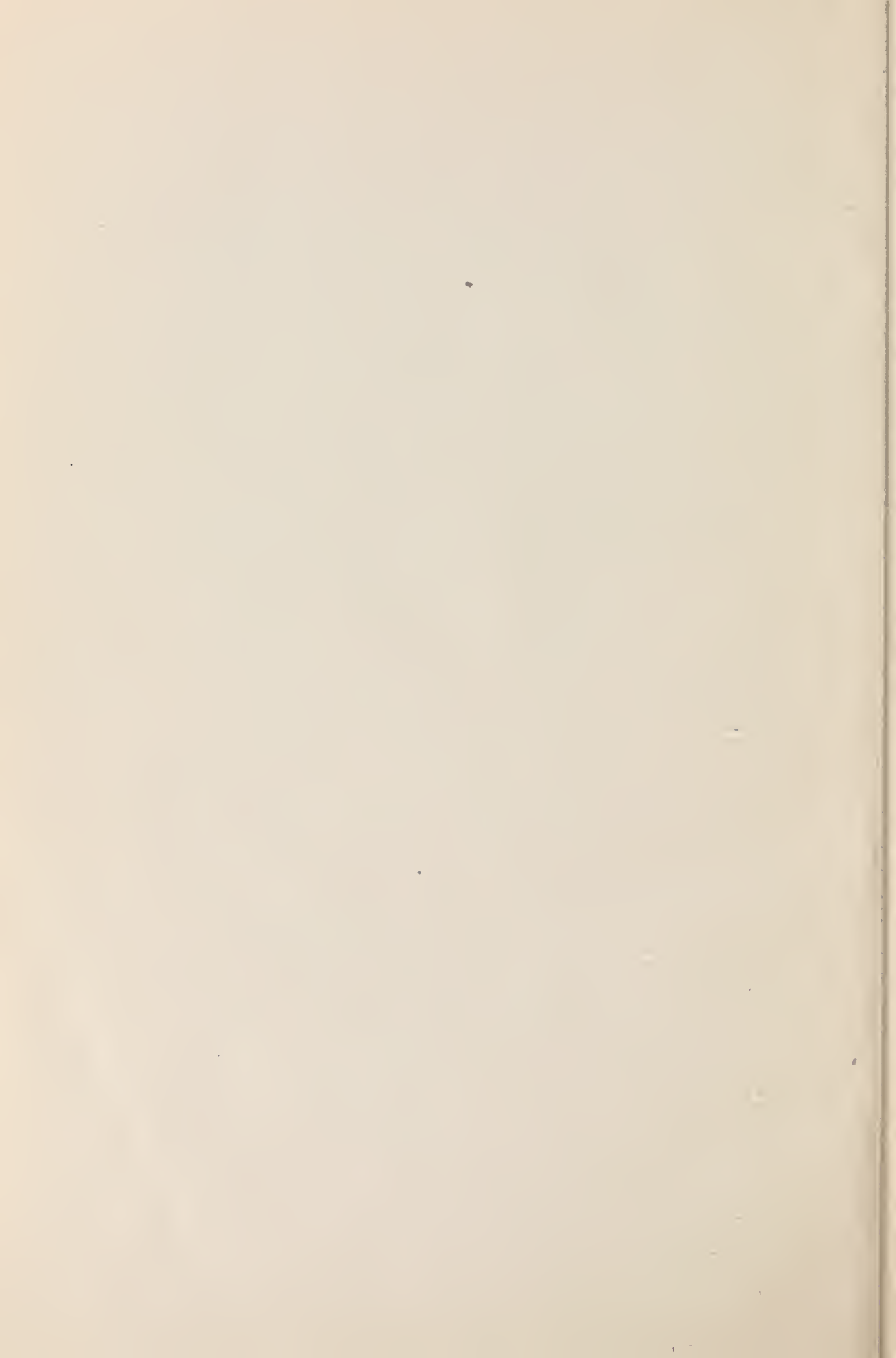
At the Luncheon given to General Thomas L. James on his 83d Birthday at the Union League Club, New York City, March 29, 1914.













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